

THE HOLY NAME JOURNAL

The only official publication of the HOLY NAME SOCIETY in the United States
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Asides

A fallen-away Catholic who makes only one fumbling motion toward getting back on his feet; another kind of Catholic, this one an heroic man of steel, despite his smiling, happy manner; a community of many kinds of Catholics, most of them concerned and busy about improving the state of their town; Catholic missionaries of the old days of our country—all of these figure in our articles this month.

Other subjects in our pages have to do with Catholic activity in the world's number one international airport; with the grim international problem of Japan's increasing hunger; with a letter about practical help for desperate Catholic refugees. All in all, there is plenty of material for thought in this issue, and our regular Holy Name features will be found as well.

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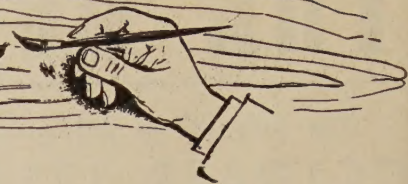
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Editorial Page



The Insigne of Christ

Almost every organization we know of urges its members to "wear the emblem," the insignia of the particular organization. Magazines and bulletins of the fraternities, clubs, brotherhoods—all carry the refrain month after month, "wear the emblem." Wear it to show your loyalty, to identify yourself, to help spread the motto or extend the purposes of the particular society or association. Men in all walks of life do wear the emblems of their organization. In their lapels, on tie bars, on rings, even on their car grills and plates you see the inscriptions, monograms, animal heads and devices which form the signs or labels representing this or that organization. The insignia are easily identifiable and are generally recognized even by children. And in nearly all cases the emblems stand for something, they bespeak some slogan or represent a service or an ideal, whether these be of a fraternal, patriotic, or a merely commercial nature. Consequently, the wearing of most of these emblems is of some value and men wear their insignia with pride.

What of wearing our Holy Name emblem, the emblem of Christ? Is the Holy Name Society insignie our regular badge of identity, our pride? Do we choose to wear it over all other emblems, gladly and proudly? Is it recognized and honored everywhere, by young and old alike? Through our personal effort and from our habitual practice of wearing the Holy Name insignie, is the image of Christ brought to men's minds and presented for their act of veneration?

In dignity and sacredness no emblem or device surpasses the Holy Name emblem, the sign of our beloved Confraternity. Nevertheless we have the uncomfortable conviction that it is not so universally appreciated as it should be. And it is probably true that most parochial units of the Holy Name Society do not adequately press upon their memberships the

habit of daily wearing the Holy Name insignie. Now, however, near the start of Holy Name activities for the year, is the ideal time for this prompting. May we urge all officers to point out to their men the importance of wearing our holy insignie? All our men should be urged to participate in this simple but valuable part of our apostolate of mutual good example and edification. And remember—an indulgence may be gained each day for wearing visibly the Holy Name insignie if we but say in conjunction with the practice the aspiration "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The Rosary And The Holy Name

If wearing the blessed insignie of the Holy Name is a true sign of the real Holy Name man, surely a second habit or characteristic which further identifies him is a loyalty and a devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Following close upon his worship of and allegiance to Our Savior is his tender regard and awareness of the Mother of Jesus, Our Mother. We might say that next to his devotion to the Holy Eucharist, the Holy Name man should be outstanding in his love of and devotion to the Mother of Jesus.

This being true, does it not follow that a Holy Name man may well be regarded as "a man of the Rosary"? The prayer which honors Mary better than all other prayers, and the very one urged upon us by the Blessed Mother herself, is the Rosary. Especially for October, the month of the Rosary, then, all Holy Name men ought to employ special Rosary devotions to do honor to Mary. Our primary aim ought to be daily recitation of the Rosary, particularly during this month, and in addition we might participate as well in such Rosary processions and parochial services as we can attend. Our sure reward is the knowledge that Mary and the power of her Rosary will never fail us.

Talk Is Cheap -- But Effective

by Father Gerard Weber

Holy Name meetings can produce fine ideas if discussions are encouraged.

EVERY HOLY NAME SOCIETY is plagued by the fact that it can't think up very many things to do to promote one of the main purposes of the society—respect for the Holy Name of Jesus. Oh yes, the Society runs the parish bingo, and picnic; 500 people come to the annual fall dance and perhaps 200 men and boys show up for the father-son Communion breakfast, but the basic problem of getting men to reverence the name of God stymies most groups.

Perhaps one reason for this is that the societies do not do enough "free-reign" thinking; they are not willing to take an idea and toss it around just to see what they can dream up. Usually, in a meeting, some member will propose a project even if it only be a picnic and immediately everyone will voice objections. If the one who proposes the project can successfully beat down all objections there is a chance that his idea will be acted upon. This process is very trying, naturally, and the men who are timid tend to keep their ideas to themselves rather than face the barrage of objections from the boys in the back rows.

Instead of making the presentation of an idea more or less of an ordeal, could not the group treat it as a challenge, each member trying to contribute something positive to the development of the idea? After all the regular and obvious comments have been made, the group could try for a time to think of all the "fantastic" ways of implementing the idea presented. Elliott Danzig in an article "To Solve That Problem"

(*Readers' Digest*, July, 1954) tells of a group of executives "who tackled a practical problem 'how to eliminate dishwashing.' The wild solution that won the prize was that the plates should be made of a gelatinous substance and at the end of the meal eaten for dessert. This may seem ridiculous but such an idea netted a Syrian chef a fortune for his invention of the ice cream cone."

The men of the St. Francis Xavier



Holy Name in Chicago had an idea session last spring. It did not start out as a free-reign discussion but as a question whether or not it would be possible to do something to get eating places in the neighborhood to place those little cards containing Catholic, Protestant and Jewish meal prayers in their establishments. One of the men had picked up such a card and thought the Society might have some printed. Another man who thought that this was a good idea mentioned that he had seen a sign which said "Respect the Holy Name of Jesus" in a shop and wondered whether or not they could have that printed also.

The chaplain, Rev. Nicholas Norman,

thought that such a Holy Name sign would be more effective if it had a picture of Jesus on it. Someone else suggested that it be made as a decal so that it could be pasted on auto and store windows. The printer who belonged to the Society volunteered to talk to the decal people about a design and prices. The round decal with a beautiful drawing of the head of Christ surrounded by the words "Respect His Holy Name" won immediate acceptance at the next meeting. It is reproduced on this page.

The problem of distribution for the Holy Name decals was attacked in the same way. The printer agreed to handle the decals through his office so that the rectory would not be bothered by letters and calls. Various men suggested ways of getting the decals around. On one Sunday every person who drove to Church was given one for his car. Various men took them to stores and taverns in the neighborhood and asked the merchants to post them. The officers distributed samples to everyone who attended the Diocesan Holy Name Rally, and a single little notice in the *Denver Register* cleaned out 5,000 decals and brought requests from every state in the Union and from Canada. People in other parts of the country showed their ingenuity in spreading the decals.

One man bought enough to give one to every family in his parish. Another man sells them at parish picnics and church dinners. A tire store gives one away to every customer and a man who has a car washing station pastes one on every car that comes in to be washed.

So far 20,000 decals have been distributed. This may not seem to be many, but the success of this little Holy Name project has shown the men that they can do something if they attack a problem in a concrete, constructive way. They never did print the cards with the prayers before and after meals, but instead of knocking that suggestion they enlarged on it, they talked about it, they changed it and came up with an idea which really helped the Holy Name Society of this parish promote reverence for the Holy Name of Jesus.

Happy Oldsters Sidestep Their Pitfalls

by Austin J. App

Old folks are just so lovable as they
make themselves, consciously.

AS SOMEONE has said, everyone wants to live long, yet no one wants to be old. Yet if we live long, all of us will be old—old perhaps for a long time. In old age, our first endeavor should of course be to endure it and to make the most of it for our spiritual end, but our second concern should be to make ourselves reasonably endurable for our relatives and friends—and not to get in their way or in their hair!

There are some tendencies and inclinations of old age which if not watched can during a few last years convert a lifelong model of courtesy and tact into a burden and a bore. Therefore, as we grow older, we should take every precaution not to add to our unavoidable infirmities and consequent dependence on others also avoidable shortcomings of temper and character.

The most notorious and patent social pitfall of age and therefore the first to guard against is talking too much and especially telling the same old events of the past over and over again. It is the fault most lampooned by the poets. Pope talks of "Narrative old age"; Ben Jonson exclaims, "It was near a miracle to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of age;" and gentle Sir Thomas More goes so far as to say, "A fond old man is often as full of words as a woman"!

In Eugene O'Neill's play *Ab Wilderness* the father Nat Miller makes himself a genial spectacle by persisting in embarking "on an oft-told tale of childhood adventure" about the day he and Red Sisk went in swimming and he saved Red's life—while the family ex-

actly tries to divert him from telling it. Benjamin Disraeli in *Lothair* suggests that "When a man fell into his anecdotage it was a sign for him to retire from the world." Unfortunately, however, retiring from the world means little more than retiring to the bosom of his family and their friends. Since these will have to bear with him in his unavoidable dotages, they have a right to be spared his avoidable anecdotage. Recently a freshman student, writing a theme on "My Best Thanksgiving So Far," commented:

"That evening I went over to my grandmother's for Thanksgiving dinner. And as usual my grandfather had to give a speech about the first Thanksgiving. I don't mean to be disrespectful, but I have heard the same speech, word for word, ever since I can remember."

ONCE as a boy of about nine I was introduced to someone's grandfather. For the whole afternoon I was thrilled by his account of his exploits as a young man in the Indian country out West. I eagerly looked forward to seeing him again a week or two later. But then came the disillusionment, for he not only told the same exploits but he told them, it seemed, in precisely the same words, omitting or changing not a tittle! It was as if he did not avert to the fact that he had told me all this before. I felt not only bored but in a vague way insulted. Instead of looking forward to seeing him again, I devised ways of dodging him.

It would seem advisable, therefore, as

we grow older to resolve not to plague our relatives and friends, young or old, with such anecdotage, with a recital over and over again, like an old phonograph record, of the same old events or exploits of the past.

However, garrulity and anecdotage are really warnings that a more fundamental adjustment to the condition of being old is necessary.

To avoid the general social pitfalls of old age, we should, it seems to me, reorient our life noticeably from the material to the spiritual, from the attractions of this world to expectations of the next. The surest way to prove a joy and inspiration to our relatives and friends who are still in the thick of the battles of this life, and not become a bother and stumbling block to them, is to live honestly and zestfully for the life to come. That means leaving the selfish part of us behind, the old Adam that looks to his own advantage, to his own entertainment, and putting on the new Adam, an altruistic and neighborly one, who finds happiness when he can make others happy.

A person who sublimates his own pleasures to give others joy, who puts his best intuitions to work to gratify others, is not likely to get into the way of the younger people. If he thinks of the next world more than of this, honestly and heartily, he will radiate optimism and inspiration. Such a sincere spirit is the first fundamental for making the relatives and friends at ease and comfortable with us, among whom in our grandfatherly days we move.

(Continued on page 35.)

The Church Without Parishioners

by Joseph Rooney

THE UNHOLY RACKET of pile drivers forcing their way into the hard packed sand at New York International Airport was a source of annoyance to most employees at the field. However, their rhythmic pounding was a musical symphony to Customs Inspector Bob O'Brien and the small group of Airport employees who had worked long and relentlessly for this moment. It symbolized to them the birth of a dream conceived two long, problem filled years before.

In actuality, it was the start of the construction of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Skies. Much opposition had been overcome, insurmountable technicalities had been solved, and the good will and practical help of many of the Catholic men and women working at the field had been enlisted.

Two years ago Bob O'Brien had started public devotion to Our Lady of Fatima at the Airport. He and a group of Catholic customs inspectors had started saying the Rosary each Thursday on their lunch hour, in a cargo room at the airfield. The idea and practice spread. Each week a larger group attended. From this nucleus was formed the Catholic Guild of New York International Airport, the guild being comprised of all types of employees working at the field, airline personnel, government employees, mechanics, cargo handlers, executives. After organizing the group, O'Brien's next step was to contact Archbishop Thomas E. Malloy, of the Diocese of Brooklyn. The Archbishop was enthusiastic when he heard the story of the practical Catholic action

in progress at the airfield and readily acquiesced to having a priest lead the group in their weekly devotions. He appointed Father Walter Missbach, of the Church of Christ the King, nearest to the airfield, as chaplain of the Catholic Guild.

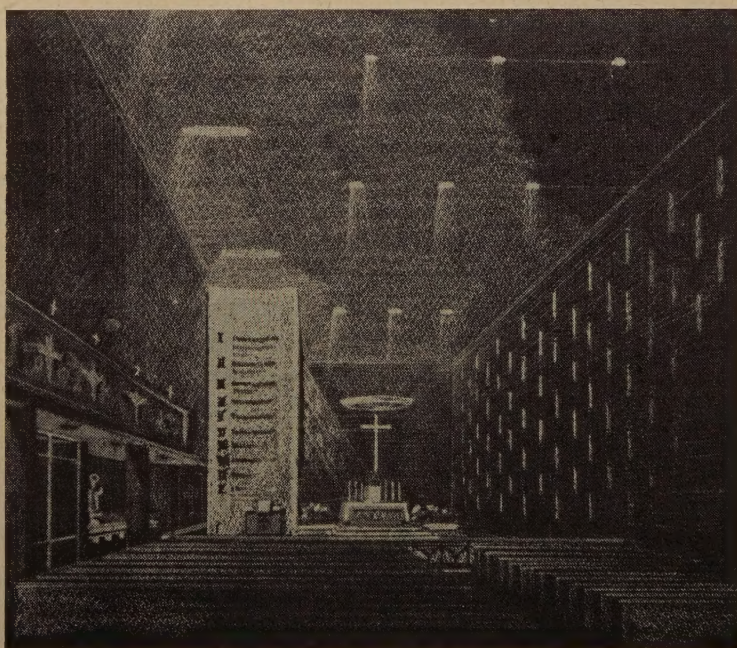
Bob O'Brien's enthusiasm, coupled with Father Missbach's inspiration and guidance, soon had the group planning for Mass to be celebrated at the airfield on Sunday mornings. The Archbishop approved, provided a suitable place could be found. In this instance as in many other situations later encountered, help came from varied and at times unexpected sources. Mr. Ed Levine, owner of the Brass Rail Restaurants, volunteered the use of one of his dining

rooms for the Sacrifice of Mass on Sunday. This accomplishment itself was a godsend to many of the employees at the field, who in many instances were unable otherwise to attend Mass because of their working hours. It was also a welcome convenience to the traveling public. Many, upon arriving from far distant countries on Sunday morning, were agreeably surprised to be able to assist at Mass while waiting for another plane to take them to their final destination.

N. Y. International Airport today is not just an airport serving New York City. Nor is it an airport serving only travelers from all of the vast reaches of our own United States. It is this, of course, and much more. It is a terminus for world travelers coming to New York and to our country, and it is a stopover and transfer point for people from the varied places of the entire world. It is the first view of our United States and the first contact with its people, for many of these world travelers. As such, it necessarily leaves its impression.

With all these factors in mind, the ideas of the members of the Catholic Guild progressed. Why stop here? Why not build a chapel for the worship of

(Continued on page 36.)



CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF THE SKIES

Letters To A Free People

by John A. Singer, S.J.

A DOG-EARED air mail letter landed on the desk of one of my philosophy professors some months ago. The return address read, Casa Ricci, Largo Sto Agostinho, Macau. Its author was a French missionary priest working in Macau. Though this letter and several subsequent ones were addressed to Father Robert Schmidt, S.J., their message, written in halting and uncertain English but nonetheless eloquent in its zeal, is for more than him alone; they are letters to a free people.

Perhaps you are familiar with this missionary's problem. Macau and her sister city Hongkong are European ports jutting out from China's coast into the South China Sea. These two cities, belonging to the Portuguese and British governments respectively, mark the border of Communist China; they are the outposts of freedom.

As the Communist regime has tightened its grasp on China in the past few years, many people have fled the claws of its oppression. These people pour by the thousands into the Macau-Hongkong area. They are welcome and respected as free people; but nonetheless their presence in such overwhelming numbers has created tremendous problems in housing, food, medical care, and in the realm of a dozen other human needs. The city streets are crowded with homeless people; the surrounding hillsides are lined with huts, and long lines snake away from the many soup kitchens. Statistics gathered in 1951 show that in the Hongkong area alone there were 3,000,000 squatters living in 47,000 huts. This means that there is little

more than cardboard between these people and the elements, there are no sanitation facilities, and tremendous fire hazards are all around. Hunger and disease stalk abroad.

This is what our letter writing missionary, Father Pierre de Goësbriand, sees when he looks out over his parish. These refugees have become his people.

The War Relief Service of the N.C.W.C. (350 5th Avenue, New York City 1, N. Y.), has poured in thousands of pounds of food and clothing; missionary priests and nuns have set up hospitals and shelters. The British and Portuguese governments realize their responsibilities and have made every effort to relieve the sea of human suffering and need which surrounds their cities. Besides initiating public housing enterprises which have put 3,000 to 4,000 stone and concrete bungalows on low rental terms at the disposal of the homeless poor, they are also subsidizing private projects, giving each refugee family an equivalent of \$120 in building materials so they can construct for themselves a 17 by 20 foot home.

Thus at least an attempt is being made to solve problems like food and shelter; and Father de Goësbriand's letters are filled with praise for the fine work he sees being accomplished. But he sees another desperate need which goes beyond the realm of relief as such. His people are idle, and except for a few governmentally sponsored jobs in local quarries, they have practically no permanent way of supporting themselves. They are not, however, without talent, energy, and the willingness to work.

Father de Goësbriand and other missionaries, quick to sense this, have begun to activate the potential.

In his letters Father de Goësbriand is asking for help to utilize this vast labor potential and thereby effect an economic rehabilitation, without which there can be no permanent survival for these people. His own words, though uncertain in their grammar, will most forcefully express his purpose.

I think we have to help refugees coming out of the iron curtain, not only through gifts, temporary; but mainly through organization of work. It was the great way of Saint Vincent de Paul. Though it is more difficult, more vast than at his time, we are obliged to try and find a way. Anyway, such people are rich by their strength and their brains; we are sure that riches are unexploited in many places of the world. It would pay to organize their exploitation for the profit of the non-communist society. That is what I want to be done.

FATHER DE GOESBRIAND is not a wizard in economics or business administration; but he sees, at least, a few possibilities for a beginning. He asks for individuals and organizations in this country to help him locate a market for the artists. At present, Oriental art is very much in vogue in America and there should not be too much difficulty in finding such markets. Father de Goësbriand sees in Mass vestments, economically produced from native silk and needle work, not only a chance to help these people but also a very marketable product. Other pieces of art, such as Oriental scenes painted on silk and decorated lamp shades, offer similar prospects.

Father de Goësbriand has suggested only a few ideas in application of a principle he knows must be adopted. The people need more than gifts and clothing, they need economic rehabilitation; and the problem is certainly more than their own. They chose freedom and it seems to me the least we, the world's free people, can do is show them the value of their choice.

In God They Trust

by T. J. McInerney

The Catholic community of Hanover, Kansas, sets itself to attracting new industries.

TO THE casual observer, the town of Hanover, Kansas—75 miles from Lincoln, Nebraska; 100 miles from St. Joseph, Missouri; located on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad and not far from Highway U. S. 36—is not much different from a thousand similar small communities in any part of the country. Its people appear to be fairly well-off and its Main Street gives the impression of considerable business activity. It has a population of about 1,000 souls, of whom some 900 are Catholics.

A closer inspection of the various elements which make up this community in the Mid-West reveals that there are several things which lift it out of the "average" and make it an above-average community. Not the least of these is the predominance of Catholics who, constituting as they do about 90 per cent of the population, are to be found in the forefront of every worthwhile activity in the town, including the current drive to attract one or more new industries to provide employment for an eager labor pool of some 200, most of whom are now forced to travel elsewhere for employment. The people of Hanover make use of all of the traditional industry-baiting methods employed by communities, including a medium too frequently overlooked: prayer. Through private devotions like novenas to Our Blessed Mother under her titles of Mother of Perpetual Help and Miraculous Medal, and devotions to the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, St. Jude, and many others—the Catholics of Hanover seek to obtain Heavenly assistance in their

special need. These prayers are joined with the efforts of the Industrial Committee of the Business Men's Club, headed by Charles T. Schwartz, an outstanding Catholic layman and department store owner. The committee has assumed the burden of promoting the town's civic and trade virtues with a view to bringing in new industries. Behind the "new-industry-for-Hanover" campaign is the desire of the people of Hanover to provide jobs for the young people which will make it possible for them to forego the necessity of leaving their homes and Hanover to obtain employment.

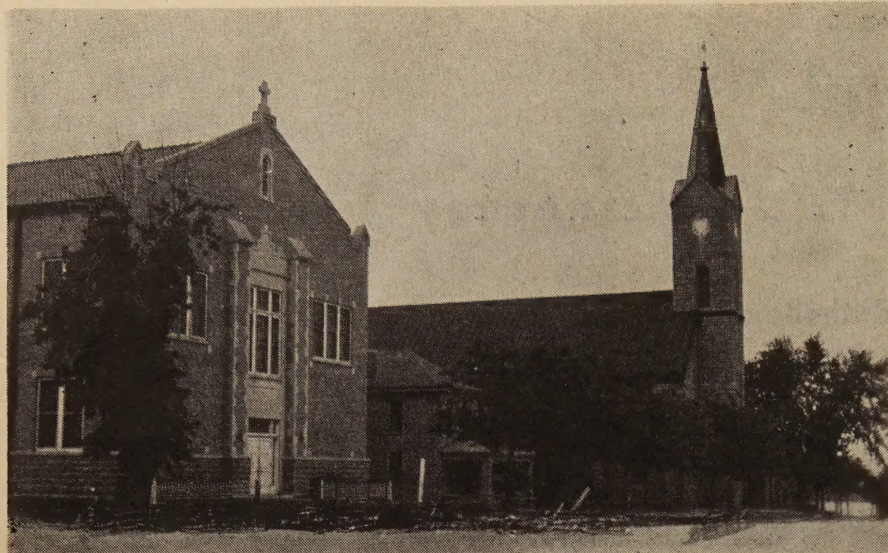
At a time when this nation is going through a period of economic readjustment, only a generation removed from one of the most serious depressions in national history, the story of Hanover, Kansas, and its people's determination to solve their problems by self-help, with reliance on Divine assistance, is worthy of the attention of Americans everywhere. The people of Hanover are not praying for a miracle, nor are they sitting serenely by, waiting for government handouts. They are praying that somewhere in the country there is some manufacturer or, possibly, a group of them, who will be reached by their Industrial Committee's promotional campaign. They pray that suitable firms will be encouraged to establish one or more industries to absorb the available labor pool of local workers who cannot or do not desire employment on neighboring farms and for whom there are no openings in the industries already function-

ing in the community. Hanover's story deserves telling because it carries a message of hope and inspiration to other similarly-situated communities in a time of testing for personal and community security.

INASMUCH as the predominantly Catholic population of Hanover is a vital factor in the community's program of self-help, it would seem to be in order to trace the growth of Catholicism in an area of the country where the Faith does not in most communities generally enjoy such proportionate strength.

The first Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered in Hanover in what is now the parish of St. John the Baptist in the Diocese of Salina in October, 1868, by Father Joseph Remmele, a missionary stationed at St. Mary's, Kansas. As far as can be ascertained, this was the first Mass celebrated in Washington, Clay, or Cloud counties. Eight families were all that the zealous missionary could find in the Hanover territory at that time. Today there are approximately 275 families enrolled in the parish of St. John the Baptist.

Records covering the first years of this eighty-six-year-old parish are somewhat sparse and nothing definite is known of subsequent visits of Father Remmele to Hanover during the remainder of 1869 or during 1869. However, in 1869, the records indicate, Father Sueitberg de Marteau, of the Order of St. Benedict at Atchison, began attending to the spiritual welfare of the Catholics in Hanover and the surrounding area. By 1870 the



HANOVER'S CHURCH OF ST. JOHN

Faith was firmly rooted in the parish

congregation numbered in excess of twenty families.

St. John the Baptist Church, as befits the focal point of worship in today's stronghold of the Faith, is an imposing stone structure. It was built in the pastorate of Father Pichler, in 1878.

Father Pichler was reassigned from Hanover in 1887, to be succeeded by Father Nicholas Neusius, who remained at the helm until 1890. The late Monsignor Schellberg took up his pastorate at St. John's on May 1, 1890, for what was to be an uninterrupted stay of 45 years, terminated by his death on July 8, 1935. Monsignor Schellberg's contributions to the spiritual and physical growth of the Parish of St. John the Baptist were many and it is not surprising that his memory is revered by many present-day members of the congregation who benefited by his priestly endeavors. Many of them will reminisce for hours about him and his devotion to the parish.

Under the direction of Father Gesenhues, present pastor, and his assistant, Father Kilian, the work of propagating the faith in Hanover goes on. Under the supervision of Father Gesenhues, a replica of the Lourdes Grotto was built during 1940 and 1941. The farmer-parishioners hauled native limestone rock from their pastures and other points in the parish. A High Mass and a Low Mass are offered every week-day in St. John's

Church, with additional Masses on Sundays and Holy Days. St. John's School, with an enrollment of 110 during the regular school year and from 60 to 70 in the Summer School, is staffed by the Benedictine Sisters.

THE EFFORTS of the Industrial Committee of the Hanover Business Men's Club to improve the economy of the town and its inhabitants by seeking new industry would do credit to the experienced direction of a large city chamber of commerce. When the people of Hanover realized that something had to be done to provide industrial employment as a means of keeping both adults and younger residents from leaving the town, they took stock of their community "assets" and found five buildings with close to 7,000 square feet of floor space available. One vacant building was formerly occupied by a canning plant and could easily be reconditioned for similar use. Many of those in the local labor pool are adept needleworkers and the Hanover industry-seekers are particularly desirous of interesting a garment manufacturer in establishing a plant in their community.

With the help of George Bruna, president of the Hanover Business Men's Club, under whose auspices the Industrial Committee functions, Mr. Schwartz set out to compile a complete dossier

listing the industrial and community assets of their town. They engaged an extension engineer at Kansas State College to collate all of their findings. The compilation is being circulated now among prospects in various parts of the country and it would appear to be something that every small town in America should have. The Hanover Survey, as it is known, is a comprehensive report of facts and figures aimed at answering the questions of an industrial leader who would be approached to locate in Hanover. There is a short history of the town, statistics relating to its labor supply, raw materials, markets, transportation facilities, advertising media, recreation, health, hospital, schools, taxes, churches.

Mr. Schwartz believes that the town's campaign is closely related to the maintenance of the high ratio of Catholicism in the community. He points out that experience has shown that young people in rural areas who have been raised in the Faith and who are compelled or elect to leave their towns to find employment in urban areas too often suffer the partial or complete loss of the Faith. While the main activity in and around Hanover in past years was farming, the average young person of our times does not want to depend on the land for a livelihood. And while Hanover has four broiler production plants, a metal salvage company, a packing plant, food locker service, modern baby chick hatchery, saw mill and other smaller business activities, there is a definite need for additional industries to provide mechanical and other employment for the graduates of the town's high school.

The people of Hanover can only be admired for having complete confidence in the outcome of their town's efforts to set the wheels of economic progress turning at a faster pace. In Messrs. Schwartz and Bruna they feel they have the community leaders capable of spearheading the material facets of the effort. And, as they prove daily, they know that they have the supreme Ally in Almighty God, His Blessed Mother, and the Saints.

Japan's Hunger, A Moral Problem

by George M. Barmann

**New foods, increased production are
among the answers to the need.**

HUNGER, the world's chief economic problem and humanity's biggest moral challenge, is tightening its grip on over-crowded Japan.

The Land of the Rising Sun is about the size of Montana, a vastly underpopulated state with 600,000 inhabitants. The volcanic Japanese islands are the home of 87,000,000 people. Every year Japan has nearly a million more mouths to feed.

Largely mountainous, Japan can use only a sixth of its total area for farming. With the tremendous and constantly increasing human pressure on its limited productive area, Nippon never will feed its hungry people without the development of revolutionary agricultural techniques plus help from other nations—unless the population is drastically reduced by morally reprehensible means: contraception and the killing of unborn infants.

In a fit of national desperation, the Japanese are accepting the latter course. These over-population panaceas, popularized by panic, never would be gaining such acceptance, if the potential agricultural revolution had materialized and if trade and immigration restrictions in other countries had been eased.

According to Father Leo Tibesar, a Maryknoll priest who has served 28 years in Japanese missions, there were a million and a half recorded abortions

last year in Japan, where the practice now is legalized for "maternal health and economic welfare." This form of national hara-kiri is becoming part of the country's economic program.

The same may be said in respect to contraception. In April of this year, Margaret Sanger, American birth control promoter, became the first woman from this country to testify before a committee of the Japanese Diet. Once barred from Japan by Allied occupation authorities, she told the committee of legislators she had brought with her a sample assortment of drugs effective in the prevention of pregnancy. Press reports of her appearance before the committee indicated her audience was greatly interested in what she had to say. Japan already has set up a system of government-sponsored birth control centers and the legislators are said to have "open minds" on the kinds of pills, injections and gadgets that might be dispensed from these clinics.

Is there a solution other than that which is being tried in Nippon? Emphatically yes, and as Americans we can and as Catholics we must contribute substantially toward it. I submit a four-point plan:

First, because there isn't the remotest chance that Japan can become agriculturally self-sufficient so long as it depends on conventional farming for its

food, a new and imaginative approach to the food production problem must be taken. Marine farming on a vast scale must be pushed. Algae production, in particular, already a fact in Japan, can become perhaps the nation's leading source of food supplies.

The concept of feeding the Japanese largely on an algae-based diet is not a pie-in-the-sky, but a down-to-earth, bread-on-the-table idea.

A PASTE or powder, made from literally billions of unicellular plants called algae, can be produced for human food in almost limitless amounts. The lowly green scum commonly seen in stagnant pools is algae. The plants can be grown rapidly in ponds, lakes, oceans and even in water-filled tanks on barren deserts, with the aid of sunshine, minerals and a common gas. Algae may be mass-produced in many varieties and tastes to make soups, bread, noodles, vegetable-like dishes and even ice cream. The microscopic cells contain all the food elements necessary to sustain life.

Algal foods already have been prepared and consumed by many Japanese, but volume production has not yet been introduced. Dr. Niroshi Tamiya, who conducts an experimental algae plant at Tokuwaga Institute for Biological Research in Tokyo, is pioneering a movement to produce the plant material in

quantity at a low cost.

Actually, algae production now is ready to move out of the laboratories and pilot plants in both the United States and Japan. A drawback is the high cost of starting algae "farms." Despite that factor, which gradually is becoming less an obstacle, progress is being made. A Dayton, Ohio, industrialist informed the writer of this article recently that, after two and one-half years of research, he is forming the American Food Manufacturing Corporation to produce algae commercially.

ACCORDING to Harrison Brown of the California Institute of Technology, who paradoxically is one neo-Malthusian who believes the earth can feed a much larger population adequately, a 1,000-acre algae farm could produce 20,000 dry weight tons a year, an astronomical output compared with production rates in conventional farming. He estimates such a plant would cost \$10,000,000, but once built, operating expenses would be very small.

A brilliant Brazilian scientist, Josue de Castro of the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization, accepts an estimate that a single marine-type factory could be erected to produce enough proteins to feed 3,000,000 people and enough fats to meet the needs of 1,500,000.

Uncle Sam's Navy has given the Japanese algae-production experiment program a boost, but much more than that is needed. American taxpayers, from Christian convictions as well as from the practical motive of strengthening defenses against Communism, could well afford investing a fraction of the amount they spend for military purposes in the Pacific to sponsor an algae production project in Japan.

A second way out of the population difficulties of Japan is to help that nation utilize its huge industrial potential. The Japanese lost their once substantial markets in China and Manchuria and now are victims of an unfavorable trade balance. They must export, to receive food and raw materials in return. Again from the aforementioned motives, we must encourage trade alliances.

The United States is spending in Japan about \$800,000 annually for maintaining security forces in that country and for obtaining supplies for UN military purposes in Korea. This expenditure is at best a palliative of a temporary nature. It must be admitted that American efforts to solve our so-called surplus problems are considerably less than humanitarian. The farm policies of the United States are being developed in terms of ourselves, rather than in terms of the world's hungry. It is difficult to justify, morally if not economically, a national program of reducing farm output in a world half-starved.

There are economic considerations, of course; no one wants to reduce American agriculture to the economic level of the Orient. But there is no escaping that the American "farm problem" is in reality not a domestic agricultural problem at all, but an international economic question requiring intensified cooperation among nations.

This is a challenge to economists and statesmen and, in a democratic society, to every citizen, upon whom action programs ultimately rest. There must be some barter or exchange program to overcome the "dollar-gap" impasse restricting trade with the United States. There must be a solution that will pierce the paper curtain of currency, without toppling our living standards.

A THIRD WAY to help solve Japan's problem is solely in the hands of non-Japanese. There are few national welcome mats put out for Japanese who want to emigrate. Our McCarran-Walter Immigration Act admits 100 Japanese a year.

In Australia, where Japanese immigrants are barred, the Catholic bishops last autumn issued a statement of social principles that is not without relevance in our country. The statement's central idea was that Christian charity requires that a nation with under-developed and unused resources assume a share of responsibility for absorbing immigrants from over-populated lands. "Surplus" peoples of one nation, the bishops seemed to say, have a right to utilize

through immigration the surplus resources of another.

Lastly, we can aid and are aiding Japan through dozens of existing non-government channels. Agencies sending food relief parcels to nations overseas perform a needed service, but such gifts in themselves hardly diminish the causes of hunger. Projects replenishing live stock population in war-devastated lands and providing seeds and tools in under-developed nations are valuable, but they are not tailor-made for Japan.

The trouble with Japanese agriculture is not backwardness, but the physical incapacity to meet the demands made on it. Japanese agriculturists are as efficient and as conservation-minded as any in the world, but they need to keep abreast of the results of farm research in other nations.

The Japanese know that technical advances in conventional farming increase production per acre, and that is equivalent to finding precious new land. A Catholic-sponsored Japanese group is asking for literature on agricultural research findings being published in the United States and elsewhere. Father Tibersar, mentioned earlier in this article, helped form a national committee to find methods to solve the population problem and to combat the morally unacceptable programs now gaining ground. That committee also seeks our cooperation.

Such groups might well be the logical channels through which Catholic-sponsored scholarships in American agricultural colleges could be made available to many Japanese youths. There is such a diversity of scientific techniques being applied to farm production, soil and water conservation and plant and animal disease control in the United States that the study of our agricultural methods would suggest to visiting students ways toward even greater farm efficiency in their native land. With Japanese youths in our midst, a student program might also help enlarge our understanding of the urgency of the food problem which confronts humanity. It is a problem which is so far away geographically, yet so near morally.

Poppa Joe

by John J. Kirvan

HE WAS A FALLEN-AWAY, I told him. That's what hurt most . . . someone who was once a Catholic but who stopped being one.

MY KID BROTHER Paul leaned across the car seat and said: "Poppa Joe is dead."

I drove silently for a moment or so before I said: "That's too bad."

"He died Monday." Paul was too young to realize what our neighbor's death might mean to me. I hardly heard him.

"He was a fallen-away," I told him. That's what hurt most.

"Gee, I saw him the night before, too. What did you say he was?"

"A fallen-away." Paul didn't interrupt, so I explained myself. "That's someone who was once a Catholic but who stopped being one."

"But he didn't go to our Church," Paul puzzled.

"He did once."

"When?" He screwed up his face and tried to remember if he had ever seen Poppa Joe at Mass.

"When he was about your age."

"Why didn't he go anymore?"

"I don't know, Paul," I admitted. "I never did find out."

"Gosh, I wouldn't want to stop being a Catholic." That remark of Paul's didn't follow the book, it occurred to me, but it sure was an act of faith.

"When you come right down to it, Paul, once you are a Catholic you can't really stop being one. When you are baptized you become a member of the Church. You can stop acting like a Catholic. That's what Poppa Joe did. You can stop hearing Mass, and going to Confession and the other Sacraments.

And you can tell people you aren't a Catholic any more. But you can't rub Baptism off your soul. It stays. So Poppa Joe was really a Catholic all the time, even though you couldn't tell by what he did."

"Did you know he was a Catholic?" Again Paul couldn't realize the full import of his question. I did know that Poppa Joe was a fallen-away. I knew it but didn't do anything about it.

I WAS JUST A "young shaver" when we moved into the house next to Poppa Joe McNabb's. A little girl who had lived in our house before us gave him the name. Joe McNabb was childless and took a special interest in the little girl. In return she gave him the name by which we always knew him.

Poppa Joe and I were great pals. As a youngster I traded tales with him about dogs that would come, stay awhile, then go. Whenever a new one arrived Poppa Joe would be on hand to compare him with a dog he once had. And Poppa Joe's dogs were always better in some way.

When the pet stage was over the friendship continued. On Sunday afternoons we would sit on his porch and argue about the comics. And as the years advanced we still argued although more often than not our subject was politics. Not infrequently, however, the subject was religion. Or I should say, Poppa Joe would often turn the talk to religion, priests he had known in the old days, chaplains in the army, a nun who used

to buy at his grocery store, funerals he had attended. I think that once or twice he told me that as a boy he was a Catholic. But the discussion never went beyond his remarks. Some twist of my own faith bade me never discuss religion.

Now I'm sorry, of course. With Poppa Joe dead I realize that perhaps it was within my power to start him back on the road to the faith. But when the opportunity was open I talked politics or the comics. Now the chance has been lost. Poppa Joe died outside the Church.

When Poppa Joe turned the conversation in my altar-boy days to religion he was saying as loud as he dared "I miss the Church." I ignored his plea. That it was a plea, I am sure now. The night before I left home for school some years ago I went to say good-bye. I told him what he already knew; I was going to become a priest.

"You're passing up some good things in life," he told me.

But it was only his opening sentence that was filled with bravura. A moment later, tears were visible in his eyes.

He said: "Well, I haven't been to Mass in years. I hope you'll invite me to yours." I told him I would, feeling a first pang of regret that moment for all the wasted time, a regret made more bitter with the realization that it would be a long time before I saw him again.

As a matter of record, it was already too late. A few months later my folks visited me and Paul told me almost the minute they arrived. "Poppa Joe is dead." That is where these lines began. But they don't end there. They cannot.

IN THE YEARS following Poppa Joe's death I have become fallen-away conscious. Millions of Americans are living

today deprived of the Sacraments they once received. They have deprived themselves. Some—most, I suppose—drift away through a bad marriage. Others find it easier in politics or business to drop their faith.

But as I told my young brother, they are still Catholics. The seal that Baptism put on their soul is still there, the original sin that Baptism removed has never returned; they are Christians for eternity. But they have lost their rights to Catholicity's rewards by failing to fulfill a Catholic's duties, and failing to make use of a Catholic's privileges.

And there are so many of them. A Protestant survey this year claimed that four million Catholics went over to Protestantism in the last ten years. The figures were undoubtedly wrong. But I, for one, found little consolation in the complacent return of statistics. "Oh no," we said, "there were only a little over a million fallen-aways." *Only* a million. But most of that million will lose their souls unless they return to the faith of their earlier years soon.

The chances are that one, or two or more of them live next door to you, as one of them lived next door to me. Perhaps you have taken the same "let's not talk about religion" approach to your neighbor that I employed with Poppa Joe. If that is the case then perhaps you and I can put our heads together and think this thing out.

First of all most fallen-aways miss the Church. "They never had it so good" as when they were Catholics. They are now living in a world without Sacraments, without the relief and peace of a good Confession, without the warmth and joy of a good Communion. After the Mass they have found that other types of worship are anti-climactic. So why not take advantage of Christmas Midnight Mass or some other occasion to invite them to Mass?

Missions are another excellent time to ask them to Church. Invite them to hear some first-rate preaching. Even those afraid of being seen at Mass might take up this invitation quickly.

Pass on articles that they "might be

interested in" from the Catholic Press. Ask them if they've read a recent Catholic best seller. Offer to loan it to them if they haven't. Many of them had no resistance to the temptation to fall away from their faith because they were uninstructed to begin with. Some solid information can go a long way.

Then there are the times during the year when a program of social work, or an article in a big secular magazine makes Catholics proud of their faith. That's a good time to pass along a clipping. The aura around Catholicism at that moment is an actual grace that might make the road home easier.

See if you can't get them to meet a friendly priest whom you know well. If your neighbor likes you, he may get to like your friend, and so the possibility of a cold reception on their return to the faith is eliminated from their minds.

But conversation is still the best bet. Don't be obnoxious. If you are talking baseball, talk baseball. But if your friend wants to talk religion, or if there is a natural opening, talk it too. Don't get embarrassed and try to change the subject. Give him opportunities to ask questions. If you don't know the answers get them for him.

Your opportunities for influencing a man, however, are going to depend ultimately on what he thinks of you as a person. Make him the special object of your friendliness and practical kindness. If the wife is sick, offer the husband a meal. Now and again watch the children. It is examples like this of practical good living that will finally make the difference.

Not all are going to respond, of course. There is a certain proportion of the fallen-aways who are bitter and antagonistic to all that is Catholic. This is the kind of devil that is driven out only "by prayer and fasting."

But many will respond. The trick is to be fallen-away conscious. Then you are always on the look-out for opportunities to clear obstacles from their paths, and provide them with stepping stones. For me this fallen-away consciousness is easy. I just remember Poppa Joe. He has become the most unforgettable person in my life; not that I can't forget him. I could. Rather I don't dare forget him. I might let another fallen-away die outside the faith when I could have helped him.

Perhaps you might like to remember Poppa Joe, too.

From One Saint to Another

In the bitter cold month of January, 1856, Dominic (now St. Dominic Savio) caught a chill and was ordered to bed. On making his customary rounds of the house, Don Bosco came upon him and, of course, asked him how he felt. But while talking to the boy, he saw something that caused him to stare in horror.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that you are using only one thin sheet to cover yourself in this cold room? Do you want to die of pneumonia?"

"No, Father," replied the boy. "I thought that when Our Lord was on the cross He had even less to cover His poor body."

That did it! In no uncertain terms Don Bosco forbade Dominic from there on to undertake any penance big or small, long or short, unless he had express permission.

"But, Father," Dominic complained, "Our Lord says that if we want to go to heaven, we have to do penance. If I am not allowed to do any penance, how can I get to heaven?"

"The penance that Our Lord wants from you is obedience. Obey, that's all."

"And you won't allow me to do any penance at all?"

"Yes, I'll allow you to suffer patiently any insult or injury that may come your way. I have already told you I'll allow you to suffer with resignation the heat, the cold, the rain, sickness, fatigue, and all other ills that God will be pleased to send you."

"But, Father," insisted Dominic, "those are things I can't avoid anyway!"

"That's right. But if you just offer up everything, it will become an act of virtue and you'll gain merit by it. Now, I'm going to send up some blankets to keep you warm. If I find you without them when I come around again—may the Lord have mercy on you!"

—THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

When The Franciscans Turned Architects

by K. D. Curtis

THEIR MUTE and proud walls do not talk. But if they could speak for themselves, the enchanting and historic "adobes," those early missions found in America's Southwest, could tell a lot more than their exciting and stirring church history. Because these "cathedrals-in-mud," cherished as they are by Catholics in the New World, also have stamped their imprint on homes of every faith wherever they have been built in America. Today, countless houses reflect this friar creativeness.

Necessity made the wilderness friars versatile men. They needed not only "brains," but also those manual and creative skills of a builder-contractor. Here they were strictly on their own in a raw and unknown country. To the wilds they brought a cultural heritage, plus technical skills suited to a frontiersman as well as a priest. Craftsmanship was a must.

The primitive Indians of the Southwest were unaware that on a certain day, in 1539, Friar Marcos de Niza left Culacan in the Mexican province of Sinaloa and headed north. Nor did they dream that his historic journey would bring to them the sublime gift of faith and then with that gift a radical change not only in the design of their places of worship, but also in their very homes. Friar Niza went along with the fabulous explorer Francisco Vasquez Coronado because the Catholic church of Spain sent missionaries as an integral part of its exploring expeditions. Priest and private shared hardships and adventure, side-by-side.

There was also this strange man, Es-

tévanico (sometimes called "Stephen"), the Moor. He also unwittingly set into motion an era of influence. Estévanico, you recall, really had a "big" adventure. He was an escapee from two shipwrecks of one of Spain's earliest explorers, Pánfilo de Narvaez, who lost his craft in the Florida areas. Looking like a wild man, the Moor was discovered in the far-off lower Pacific coastal country, wandering around with a small band of Indians. There the Coronado-Niza group bumped into him, and signed him on as guide. It was all significant happenstance for America's Southwest.

Every school boy knows Coronado sought the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. But that's another story. Eventually, Estévanico, groping his way over vast territories, landed the party at the Indian pueblo of Zuni, in present-day New Mexico. The Spaniards took formal possession of "all the surrounding country," planted the Cross and named the domain "The Kingdom of St. Francis." This originated the potent influence of the Franciscans, followers of St. Francis of Assisi, in our Southwest. That broad and dynamic force is still felt.

The Spaniards dispatched other friars to this mighty and unmeasured land inhabited by awed but treacherous and marauding Indians. Each Franciscan would survey the resources of his own assigned site. And begin from there to build a mission and convert a community. What the priests and brothers built, in many cases, still stands. Their building shows an influence that actually began in Africa, spread to Spain, and eventually was felt in the mountainous

and desert sections of America's Southwestern areas.

CLIFF-DWELLERS had abandoned centuries earlier their stone, multi-roomed structures where they lived and worshiped when Fray Niza discovered this section. In his explorations, he had encountered other dwelling-types, tepees of hides, wikiups of reed-mats and boughs, and hogans of sticks and mud. Now he beheld this communal dwelling place, duplex-like, of earthen walls. He called these places *pueblos* (Spanish for "permanent" villages) and the inhabitants Pueblo Indians. Investigation proved the greatest community resource here was—mud!

Why not, he said, build a mission center—maybe even a cathedral—out of this same basic mud? Of course, there could be changes in technique. Something suggestive, say, of the churches of Spain, the homeland? The friar was no architect. But he had, as an additional community resource, the zeal, patience and manual skill of the new Indian converts to help him out.

The Franciscans subsequently discovered that the Indians heaped puddled mud—almost a pure mix—into thick walls, but in a rather stolid, unimaginative manner. As educated men, the friars knew that when the Moors swept up north from Africa and conquered Spain in 711, A.D., they brought the art of fashioning marvelous buildings of adobe brick. The secret of their versatility in design lay in using a brick held together with a binding material, and then thor-



THE MISSION OF THE PUEBLO OF ACOMA, NEW MEXICO

Franciscans started its construction in 1629

oughly dried, through and through, before it was ever integrated into a wall. A mere heaping up of mud wouldn't do.

It was the early padres who taught the Indians to mix straw-like fibres into carefully-proportioned adobe-mixes, to press bricks within a frame-mold, to pre-dry them in the sun and finally to plaster them into position. An improved method of making roofs was worked out, too. It was not long until homes, as well as church-buildings, were being built with these improved techniques.

For generations these primitive people had found their artistic expression in handicraft. They had a sharp sense of color, symmetry, and design. But, until the coming of the Franciscans, they did not express much of this talent architecturally. A doorway was only a functional opening, sometimes reached by a ladder; the window, a hole in the wall. A "fire-place" was just that—a place for the fire.

Remembering the great mosques of Cordova and other Spanish cities, designs introduced by African Moors, the friars not only showed the Indians how to make "our" doorway, but also how to design a beautiful cathedral arch, instead of a blunt lintel. They explained how

to design and position windows so that they "balanced" the blank expanse of massive adobe wall and yet permitted a soft, benedictive light to flow inside. The now familiar buttress, whose original purpose was to give support to adobe walls was not accepted generally until the priests developed it as a design. "Modern" façade stuccoing was another improvement.

FRANCISCANS showed the Indians how the basic square-box adobe building could express beauty when ornaments, suited to this motif, were installed. They introduced the "open silhouette," the cornices, columns, gateway, cartouches, porticos, or adaptations thereof. The Red man knew of the look-out tower atop a wall. But the missionaries, remembering fine Spanish cathedrals, cathedrals, showed native artisans how to create an open belfry housing a church bell, and to fashion esthetic cupolas by adaptations of the warrior's look-out. All these things were engineered in massive adobe by non-professional architects. Yet they still stand, two and three centuries later.

The lay-outs of early mission centers

were probably inspired by memories of Spanish *presidios* (military posts). The *enceinte*, or four walls, became the symmetrical *tapia*—or "garden wall"—of adobe attached to the church-building. Sometimes a more comprehensive plaza was used. Today, it's our "patio." From here, one could enter the sacristy, baptistry, chapel, conventos, infirmary, church-office, *compo santos*—even the shops of the Indian artisans. A corner bastion guarded the wall; nowadays, our Spanish-style fences still have this vestigial "bastion."

Remember the "balconies" suggestive of old Spain? The shaded *loggios*? The frontier priests schooled Indian builders to run an exterior *balcón* across the mission facade, between twin towers. In adobe, too! Under the balcony is the Pueblo-version of Europe's *loggio*.

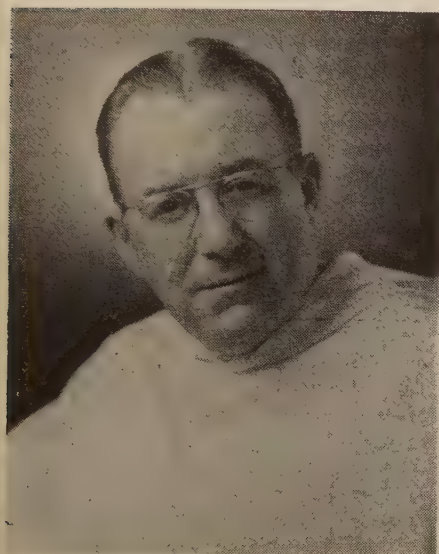
Perhaps the Franciscans would have delighted in doing a triforium roof. But timber was scarce and not familiar as a building medium. So that was out. The Pueblos always used wooden *vigas* (round poles) to support their flat, adobe-and-thatch roof. The padres conceived big square, polished timbers upholding the ceiling—and inspired our modern Spanish-style interior. They also started interior archways.

Don't suppose that the pre-conquistadors Indians of our Southwest lacked artisan skills before the Franciscans appeared in the middle of the 16th century. Hardly! Ancient cliff-houses and adobes attest intelligence. And the fabulous ruins in stone in the Chaco Canyon in New Mexico are evidence that a remarkable culture existed a thousand years ago!

But in every modern Spanish-type building we have today—secular as well as religious—the culture of the esthetic buildings of Cordoba, Alente, Toledo, Valencia and Spanish cities is felt. All this beauty, charm and reverence were transported here within the educated brain of the early Franciscans, America's first Catholic missionaries, who came to teach whomever they encountered a better, more beautiful and fuller way of life.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. GRAHAM, O.P.

Blessed John of Vercelli, pray for us.

That the devotion to Blessed John is spreading in countries outside our U.S. borders was evidenced by my recent trip to Puerto Rico, and from our many Dominican fathers and sisters doing missionary work on that Island. They have a deep devotion to our holy founder, having made private novenas and tridua to him.

Two years ago in Puerto Rico I visited Camerio, where I met four boys, one of whom spoke very good English. At that time I asked them if they would not say daily the little ejaculation, "Blessed John of Vercelli, pray for us." Now on this, my latest visit, I met two of these boys again and

inquired of them what prayer I had asked them to pray. Neither of these boys spoke English. Fortunately, the moderator of the Society asked them in Spanish what prayer I asked them to pray and in unison the two boys, eight or nine years old, said in English, "Blessed John of Vercelli, pray for us!" The Dominican sisters on the Island are doing everything in their power to 'spread' the devotion. They too are praying for Blessed John's canonization and attempting to get their students to pray for the same intention. We should be very happy that the devotion is so widespread.

It is my hope that during the coming year our individual Holy Name units, as well as all our members, will increase their prayers to Blessed John, so that soon our objective may be reached, his canonization. More units of the Holy Name Society should hold tridua and novenas to our holy founder. It is only through prayer that we shall obtain our goal.

Recently a Mrs. Mary Lamb of New York City came into the office wishing to donate a chalice to the Holy Name Society. At my suggestion it was given to the Shrine of Blessed John of Vercelli. The donor and the members of her family will be perpetually remembered at the Masses of the perpetual Novena, as well as the Solemn Novenas in honor of our founder, in May and in November. We are deeply grateful for such thoughtfulness. If any of our readers

wish to commemorate their loved ones, they might make a contribution of vestments to be used at these weekly Masses, as well as at the Novena Masses in honor of Blessed John. We feel certain that any such donations will bring blessings upon the donors.

New Director General

As we related in our last column, the Most Reverend Father Emmanuel Suarez, O.P., Master General of the Dominican Order, was killed in an automobile accident. He, as all of us know, was the Director General of the Confraternity of the Holy Name. Always and ever he was kindly and sympathetic to this Confraternity. When we lost him we lost a good friend. But here in the United States we have also had, during my term as Director, the constant support and encouragement of the Provincial of St. Joseph's Dominican Province, Very Reverend T. S. McDermott, O.P. He has been, through the years, an inspiration to me and has ever been enthusiastic in supporting every project of the Holy Name Society on a national scale. Now Father McDermott is the Acting Master General of the Order until a new General is elected. I feel sure that under his guidance, with his inspiration and support as Acting General, the Holy Name Society will prosper to even a greater extent. It is our duty as Holy Name men to pray for him and his success in the face of

the great world wide problems that he has to face.

Honors

While in Puerto Rico I learned that the Director of the Holy Name Society there and its principal founder on the Island, the Very Reverend Jordan Raemakers, O.P., was given two signal honors. He was named a Preacher General of the Dominican Order, and was honored by Queen Juliana of The Netherlands with Knighthood for the work that he has done in Puerto Rico in extending the Faith and as well as the glory of his native land. For forty-nine years Father Raemakers has been working on the Islands, far from home. Through his labors great progress has been made both spiritually and materially, and we congratulate him.

The former Spiritual Director of the Milwaukee Archdiocesan Union, Father Joseph J. Heim, and the present Director, Father Michael Plale, received distinguished honors from Rome. The Pope has raised both of these good friends of the Holy Name to the dignity of Right Reverend Monsignor. In both cases the honor is well deserved. These two good priests who have kept the Holy Name Society foremost among the Catholic activities in that great Archdiocese we congratulate, and we hope that God will continue His blessing upon them.

Milwaukee

The Milwaukee Archdiocesan Union is one of the most effective in the United States. Its men are ever active in projects consonant with the aims and ideals of the Society. Late in August, for example, a Marian Year observance was held at the Milwaukee County Stadium. The gracious Archbishop, Most Reverend Albert G. Myer, D.D., offered Solemn Pontifical Mass and lead the Act of Consecration of the Archdiocese to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. More than thirty-eight thousand people attended.

In September the first volume of the official Milwaukee publication of

the Holy Name Union was distributed, "The Holy Namer." While for many years the Union published a Holy Name program folder and a bulletin which contained news of the CYO and other Catholic activity, this new publication devotes itself to news of the Holy Name Society and gives promise of developing into a lively, newsy monthly.

The Directors Meeting

On September 22 through September 25, the Milwaukee Union played host to Archdiocesan and Diocesan Holy Name directors assembled in

conference at the Shroeder Hotel. Directors from all parts of the country, as well as Canada, were in attendance. We are deeply grateful for the hospitality shown to us by Monsignor Plale, the Archdiocesan Director, and his helpful and kind officers and men of the Society. In the past, at these biennial meetings of directors, formal papers were read. For this meeting, however, a new technique was used and no formal papers were read. Instead a leader was appointed and in panel discussion style he asked some pertinent questions on various types of Holy Name projects. A transcript

Antidote For Blasphemy

by CECILIA WADE

Dear Jane:

There I was trying to study Religion on the bus. We had unexpected company the night before, and I was delegated to mind their children while the parents played cards with my folks. What those youngsters put me through! It was no wonder I was too exhausted when they left to finish my homework.

But how can anyone study Religion on a bus or elsewhere if she has to keep saying "Blessed be the Holy Name of Jesus!" over and over? It was all because of the man behind me who kept using the Holy Name profanely about every other word that he said. (And he said plenty of words.)

Finally I could keep control no longer without risking ulcers from frustration. I turned around in the seat and told the man—middle-aged, he was—not to swear any more in my presence.

Jane, he practically turned purple. "Don't they teach kids these days that they are not to correct their elders?" he growled in the ugliest voice. A little old lady sitting across the aisle heard it all. She leaned across the aisle and said: "You go back to your book, girlie. I am older than this man. He can't tell me not to correct my elders. Shame on you, sir, using such language, and in front of a young girl . . ."

When she finished with him he was more than willing to keep quiet. He was all red-faced, too. I just had to take one backward peek to see. Honestly though, isn't it awful the way some of our own Catholics use the Name of the Lord in vain? You hear profanity a lot more among the older people than you do the teen-agers, at least the ones in my crowd. I always say "Blessed be the Holy Name" every time I hear it wrongly used.

Believe me, our daddy never uses it profanely. He is a Holy Name man, and we are proud of him. Why, you can gain a 300 day indulgence every time you say the Holy Name of Jesus devoutly. I hate to think what those who use it profanely gain, don't you?

ANNE

—from *Our Sunday Visitor*

of these discussions will be printed in the near future and will be available to directors throughout the country.

At this meeting of the Diocesan Directors it was officially announced that the National Holy Name Convention will be held in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, from September 28 to October 2, 1955. Pittsburgh was chosen not only because of its transportation and hotel facilities, but also because of the fact that the Pittsburgh Union is very efficient and can well be a model Holy Name Diocesan Union which will edify visiting Holy Name men from all over the country.

From time to time, between now and next September, official releases will be made as to the various details of the Convention. We invite officers and men of the Society throughout the states to participate in the Convention and to march in the great parade which will be the closing event of the Convention.

In Memoriam

It is with deep regret that we learned recently of the death of Reverend Michael A. Kassane, the director of the Holy Name Society for many years in the Diocese of Rockford. We deeply regret his passing and have remembered him in our prayers. We ask all directors and members of the Society to do likewise. "Requiescat in Pace."

Rallies

Many Holy Name Societies are holding special fall rallies to honor the Virgin Mother during this Marian Year. On October 10 the New York Union holds its demonstration at the New York Polo Grounds. As usual, a tremendous demonstration is anticipated. It will be the first one held under the direction of Right Reverend Vincent J. Brosnan, the new Spiritual Director. We understand that he has a great goal to strive for, because the former director, Right Reverend Monsignor Joseph McCaffrey, yearly had splendid demonstrations. But after meeting Monsignor Brosnan I feel

certain that he will accomplish great things for the Society in the Archdiocese of New York

Father Louis Hinnebusch, O.P., the Archdiocesan Director of the New Orleans Union, writes telling me that a Candlelight Devotion at the Tulane Sugar Bowl Stadium is scheduled for October 3. The Stadium seats more than 83,000 people. If I know the Director, Father Hinnebusch, he will have the Stadium filled to overflowing.

On October 9 and 10 the first Texas Holy Name Convention was to be held. The program chairman, Charles A. Burkholder, a Vercelli Medalist, wrote telling me that preparations were progressing nicely. It was with deep regret that I could not accept the invitation to be present for the days of the Convention.

A New Bishop

The former Archdiocesan Director of the Holy Name Society in San Francisco, Father Thomas J. Scanlon, has been elevated to the Episcopacy. He has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of Honolulu. Early this year I toured all the Islands of the group. I found the people deeply religious and very amiable. No doubt the new Bishop will find them the same and give them every consideration. Through these columns I wish to extend to Bishop Scanlon the sincere congratulations of National Headquarters, as well as the good wishes of every Holy Name man in America.

Citations

On my recent trip to the Convention in Puerto Rico, which I mentioned earlier, I saw a great part of the Island. My first two days there were quite hot, while the last four were just rainy. It rained so hard that little boys and girls on tire tubes were floating in the streets of Ponce, just as we see youngsters do here on our beaches. In spite of the rainy weather, the convention was attended by well over four hundred delegates from all parts of the Island. On the morning of Labor Day a parade took

place. Many contingents could not reach Ponce for the parade because of flood waters in the river. Bridges were swept away by the floods. However, nearly 10,000 men marched in the parade. His Excellency, Most Reverend James Davis, D.D., Bishop of San Juan, presided at a Benediction service in the Cathedral, where seven outstanding men in Holy Name work were given citations by National Headquarters.

Very often one hears that the Holy Name Society cannot be successful in Latin countries. The meetings and the large membership of the Society in Puerto Rico is definite proof that it can be done in all Southern countries of the world. While the drive means work and zeal on the part of the directors, it can become an actuality.

Canada

Word comes from the Holy Name Society in the Archdiocese of Ottawa of the Holy Name Rally held September 26. The Most Reverend M. J. Lemieux, O.P., Archbishop of Ottawa, was to officiate at Benediction and to lead the parade. The speaker was His Excellency Most Reverend Kenneth R. Turner, Bishop of Lishui, China. This Chinese missionary Bishop was recently released by the Chinese Communists. Bishop Turner, a native of Montreal, was under arrest for over two and one half years.

All Types

That the Holy Name Society is one in which all types of men can enlist their energies for the good of the Church and the sanctification of their own souls is evidenced from the recent election of the Union of the Archdiocese of Halifax. Two lawyers, a school teacher and a bank manager were elected to the four highest offices in the Union. It is splendid to learn that men of such high type give their time and efforts to the furthering of the cause of Christ. Their leadership is always an inspiration to the average and ordinary man.



The Lord's Acre Day festival at Bolton opens with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Bishop John J. Wright of Worcester offers the Mass (above) in thanksgiving



for a successful corn harvest. The Bishop also distributes Holy Communion (above). Funds from festivals built the unique church of St. Francis, pictured below.



Lord's Acre Day at St. Francis Xavier

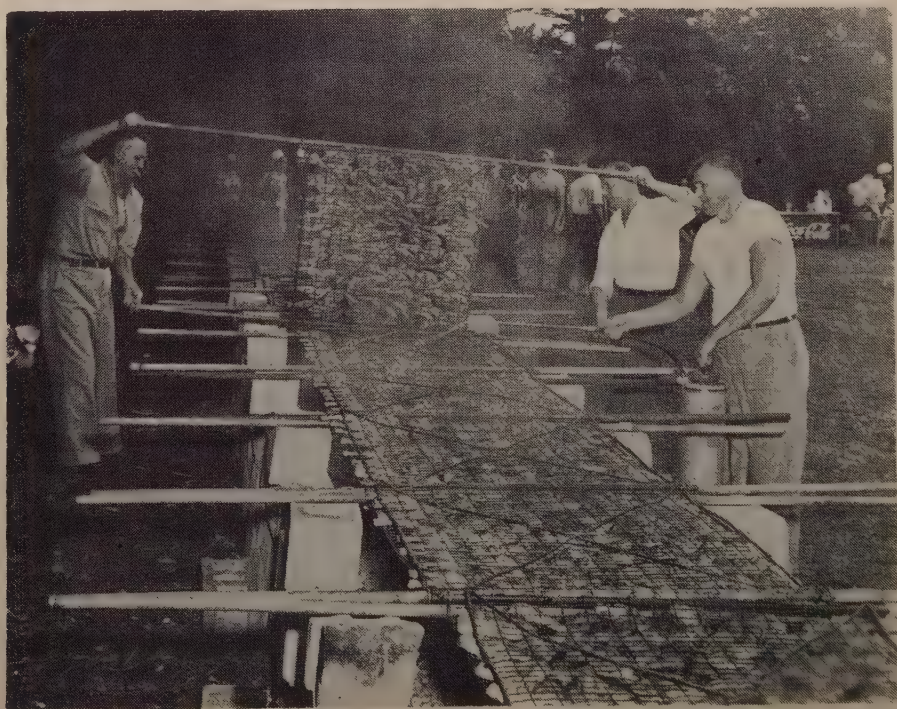
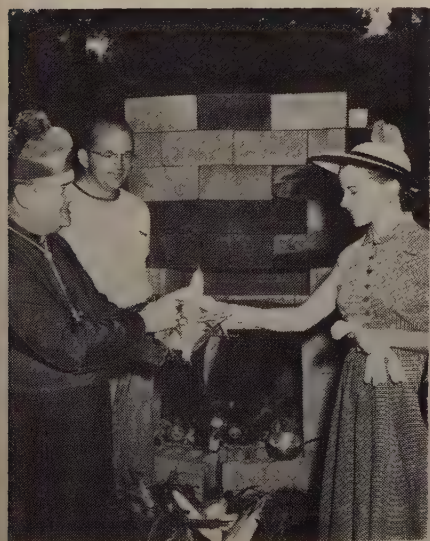


For the last seven years, the country parish of St. Francis Xavier in Bolton, Massachusetts, in the Diocese of Worcester, has staged a day of fun and frolic in its Lord's Acre Day. Proceeds from the festivities help maintain handsome church modeled along the lines of a New England corncrib.

Children gather around Bishop Wright on hay ride trailer (top), while fifteen-year-old queen of the festival, Rose Brazean, is escorted under corn stalk arch (right) by John Sylvester. Barbecued chickens (right, below) for real country dinner roast on charcoal fire 40 feet long.



Corn is an important commodity in the area and is a festival favorite.





FATHER PATRICK MARTIN

The Junior Holy Name Society

Notes for and about young Holy Name men.

St. Paul, the fighter for Christ, was a very wise man and in his letters we come across many things that are as true today as they were then. In his Letter to the Ephesians he has this to say: "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places."

Those of us who have faced temptations—and who of us has not?—are very conscious of the truth of St. Paul's declaration. Our fighting is not against mere flesh and blood. Would that it were. We could land a good solid punch and, though battered ourselves, lay our opponent in the dust. But our fighting, our wrestling, is against a spirit, a fallen archangel, the Devil. It's even more frustrating than shadow boxing, because in the things of the spirit the shadow can land a smack on the nose and we cannot even see where he went, let alone where he came from.

We're a bruised and bloody mess. We're tackled on every side and no sooner do we turn around to face our enemy than we land flat on our faces from a new rear attack. We'd have more chance with a good healthy ghost.

But we never seem to learn. Beaten though we are, we still come back for more. I suppose its part of our heritage. We have glorified the idea of the self-made man. We have gloried in our independence, national and individual. We think that there is no problem that we can't beat. That's the old, much publicized "Yankee ingenuity." That works all right in the things of this world. In the things of three dimensions. But when we break through those three dimensions and come up against something of no dimension our self reliance, our independence, our ingenuity are of little or no value. Just as a

child when he meets up with a big bully very sensibly runs home to mama, so we too when we meet up with this diabolical adversary of ours should have the sense to run. It's not courage or back bone to stand and be beaten to a pulp—spiritually. I'm sure no one would consider it courage if he saw one of us get in the ring with Rocky Marciano.

Our opponent is the devil. Even though he has fallen, he is still an archangel and has most of the wonderful powers of an archangel. Who are we to pit our little intellects, no matter how well trained, against his tricks and wiles? If we do so we are not showing the intelligence we should have as a human being. We are not acting as *rational* animals.

Youth is a time of idealism. It is a time when the boys and girls look into the future and picture all kinds of rosy scenes with themselves as heroes and heroines. That is why the Communists have aimed at trying to get our children and indoctrinate them with their false ideas and ideals. We of the Holy Name Society must try on our part to give our youngsters the right ideas and the right ideals so that they will live a good life and die a good death and gain their eternal salvation. If they do not do that, what is the value of all the gold they amass, all the degrees they earn, all the fame heaped upon them? Our chests may be bursting with pride at the acclaim that is theirs. They may make the headlines. They may win all the plaudits of the world. But the old saying is ever true, "you can't take it with you." The only book open at the judgment is not a bankbook but the book of the recording angel.

The Holy Name Society is a means devised not according to the plans of this world but according to the plans for the next. It offers a means for young and old alike to model their lives upon and thereby save their souls. It is not an easy plan but it is a manly plan. In fact it is a very difficult plan to carry out in all its details. But the fight is tremendous. The opponent is "out of this world," in more ways than one.

For the next few months we shall try to go over this plan together. We shall try to find out its advantages, its difficulties, its helps, and most of all its tremendous reward, here and for eternity.

Catholic With a Capital "C"

by Joseph F. Beckman, Jr.

In the book he "most wanted to write," Oursler showed forth his abundant faith.

BISHOP FULTON SHEEN, Father James Keller of the Christophers, and Father John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame are sometimes unthinkingly criticized for their "Christian" approach to Protestant and pagan America rather than an out-and-out Catholic approach. The prolific and popular Fulton Oursler, who died not long ago, was often criticized in the same way for what some considered the watered-down Christianity of his writings.

In his book *Why I Know There Is a God* Oursler writes of Protestant ministers and missionaries and of Negro Jackie Robinson, as well as of Catholic priests and Catholic candidates for sainthood. He stresses the universal message of tolerance and kindness. Only in a few places does his deep-rooted Catholicism peep through.

In his chapter on Rev. Anthony Montiero, a home missionary of the Presbyterian Church, Oursler writes, "That one Church is as good as another, the author does not maintain, and the story of Tony is not told to prepare a favorable reception for that error."

On page 171 of the same book he lets his Catholicism rise again to the surface. "The only necessity is for Christians to be Christians," he says. "By this I mean the sacraments, union with Christ in the true Church, the power of grace and the way we live our private lives."

Outside of a few references like these, Oursler's Catholicism is heavily veiled. And the same is pretty much true of *The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *The Greatest Book Ever Written*, his tre-

mendously popular books on the Bible. However, as he began work on the third of his "The Greatest" books, *The Greatest Faith Ever Known*, he told Father Harold Gardiner, literary editor of *America*, that this book would be explicitly Catholic—a "bold and uncompromising statement that Christ founded one and only one Church, the Church of the Gospels, of the Acts, of Western civilization, the Church of the Popes."

Though for a year he rose at five o'clock every morning before his regular schedule of work to write *The Greatest Faith Ever Known*, he died before it was completed. As he lay on his death bed, the evening of May 23, 1952, stricken with a sudden heart attack, he begged his daughter April Armstrong to finish the book.

She promised, and the result, already highly popular throughout the nation, is exactly what he said it would be, a book boldly but inoffensively, in Fulton Oursler's best manner, proclaiming the one and only Catholic Church.

In his book, Oursler stresses more than any other factor the preeminence of St. Peter in the early Church. "Let no one, not even Peter," he writes, "challenge the decision of the Lord. The shepherd was Peter. . . . Peter was to lead the flock."

In speaking of the famous "Thou art Peter" passage and the words *binding* and *loosing*, he says, "Any scribe or Pharisee would understand what complete authority was here being delegated to Peter." He mentions later that James the Less was moving into a position of

authority second only to Peter. . . . "Peter, chosen by Christ to be the first leader of His Church."

He deals at length too with the differences which arose between Peter and Paul and insists that they were not lasting or extremely great. St. Paul, he writes, "knew Peter to be supreme. . . . here was Paul, humble, eager to learn all he could from Peter and James. . . . human as they were, both these men (Peter and Paul) were in saintly earnest, seeking to serve God."

He mentions again and again that "Peter secretly carried the Kingdom of Christ into the city of evil emperors" and explains that as Peter was in daily danger of arrest, "For security reasons no one dared put on paper the truth that Peter was in Rome." He writes, too, of Peter's death in Rome, a fact little doubted today.

OURSLEER writes throughout of the unified, living, infallible, and hierarchical Church from the time Peter made Jerusalem a Holy See, the first archbishopric, until the time of Peter's death when the Church was left in the hands of Linus, the second Pope. Oursler brings Linus into the last part of the book.

"So swiftly was the Church growing," he writes concerning the ordination of the seven deacons, "that Peter soon realized that a more definite form of organization was needed. . . . To critics of the plan, men who objected that now the Christians were setting up classes,

groups, degrees, a hierarchy . . . the reply was simple. Some organization was not only desirable; it was imperative."

He tells of Paul visiting Rome for the first time after his long and dangerous voyage. "Now came the elders of the Church of Rome in official welcome, formal recognition of the main Church." He mentions especially Paul's delight in sharing the Body and Blood of Christ in the celebration of the Last Supper. Though the Italians sang hymns to God that sounded sweetly strange to Paul's ears, "the prayers were the same that Paul and Luke had known in the province of Asia and in Judaea, whether spoken in Greek and Latin, as here, or in the Aramaic of Jerusalem." In other words the Church was united in her basic rite, the Eucharist.

Late in the book as the persecutions of Nero were reaching a climax Oursler says that Peter knew "the welfare of the Church did not hinge on his life. He knew the Church was immortal, eternal with the Christ who governed her. The Church would live, no matter who took his place."

Without the guidance of the Holy Spirit, Peter knew "no human effort could save the Church; with it, no man's weakness or mistake could destroy it."

Oursler mentions all of the seven sacraments with "their attendant ceremonies all fusing into outward signs of inner graces." Relating the Simon Magnus incident, he says, "This laying of hands on heads was confirmation, imposed by prayer and action." He calls the ordination of the seven deacons the "first ordination ceremony of the Christian Church."

On the Island of Crete Paul "ordained new priests . . . baptized and forgave sins, witnessed marriages, and anointed the sick." Again and again he mentions the Mass and the Eucharist, "the miracle of the bread and wine becoming the Body and Blood of the Lord . . . the greatest spiritual bulwark of all the all-powerful, all-saving Holy Eucharist."

Oursler writes with reverence and devotion of the prominent place held in the early Church by Mary, "the mother

Grave in Arlington

I pause uncertain what is best to do;
The hand, saluting, the uncovered brow,
The whispered prayer, the homage fine and true;
Somehow familiar things seem futile now.
What can I give your where you silent rest,
Oh unknown soldier, of a vanished year?
I would that what I offer be the best
That man can give. Why is it that I hear
A voice, my soul's perchance, or the long dead.
I turn to listen, though I cannot see:
"Make certain, in the days that lie ahead,
War sends no other back, to sleep by me."

—L. M. THORNTON

whom Jesus in His dying words had given to the world."

"By a woman Eden was lost," he says, "and by a woman redemption was brought into the world, by Mary, the mother of Jesus, most perfect exemplar to all mothers and daughters and sisters to follow after her. . . . tradition abounds in tales of her courageous piety after her Son's death. . . . Mary was helpful to them every moment of her life."

And Oursler, following an old tradition that "will not be downed," insists that Jesus appeared first of all to Mary after His resurrection from the dead.

THE CATHOLIC SIDE in many other apologetic points is frequently discussed by Oursler. "But never did He say to me: Write!" St. Peter is made to say on page 362. "His Church was not to rest on the written Scripture, but on the living tradition of the Word we preach, and the Way we preach."

He uses the word dogma in the full Catholic sense without a stigma attached. "A thrill ran through all the listeners, and with good cause. They had just heard a dogma that would end the separation and exclusiveness of races under the new dispensation. . . . There can be no new doctrine in Christianity, only a new way of showing forth the truth."

He shows too that excommunication was a necessary evil even in the time of

St. Paul and was not a later invention of power-hungry churchmen. "Paul grimly proceeded," he says speaking of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, "to pen the first foreshadowings of the system of excommunication, and to explain precisely what he meant by 'not walking with sinners.'"

Oursler defends the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews against strong non-Catholic opposition. He stresses the need for good works along with faith, which good works had been discarded as unnecessary for salvation by Martin Luther. And he calls the early collections taken up by St. Paul for the famine-stricken Church of Jerusalem "a forerunner of the Peter's Pence Collections still held one day each year in Roman Catholic Churches."

Oursler's Catholicity, so explicit in this book, is especially noteworthy for one principal reason. If this book is as popular as his first two books on the Bible, thousands and thousands of non-Catholics will get a true picture of the early Catholic Church.

This book, the one Fulton Oursler "most wanted to write," shows clearly his tremendous love for the Church. It shows too, to an eminent degree, his unbounded zeal in spreading the Church's message to as many of his fellow men as possible. He died writing it, perhaps somewhat because of it. *The Greatest Faith Ever Known* cannot help but do good to countless souls.

God's Smiling Martyr

by Edward P. Echlin, S.J.

**"Viva Christo Rey!"—those are courageous words,
uttered in front of a firing squad.**

THE QUIANT MINING TOWN of Concepcion del Oro in old Mexico was at best an ordinary town. And the rose-colored sun that crept into the sharp blue sky on January 13, 1893, beamed its tender light no differently than on any other crisp Mexican winter day. But to the Mexican miner, Michael Pro, and his faithful Senora the whole world was gay and singing on this great day. In their small Mexican home the tiny Miguel Augustine Pro smiled his first smile on historic old Mexico. Little did the Pros dream on that crisp January day that in thirty-five short years their infant Miguelito would supremely adore his God and edify his Church with all her faithful the world over by an heroic martyr's death.

As he grew up, the Pro child displayed a spontaneous cheerfulness, unusual even in a Mexican lad. A mischievous, adventure-seeking youngster, the future martyr of God worked and played with an extraordinary mirth and gayety. Among a large family that enjoyed life with all the zest of a Mexican Catholic family, Miguel was happiest of all. His carefree happiness and love of fun betrayed no indication of future severity or tragedy, and life went swinging along. True, he was a daily comminor; but so was his entire family.

Young Miguel learned quickly, perhaps more quickly than his studious sisters, but he soon quit school to work in his father's mines. He loved to descend into the damp black pits with his father, to smell the musty blackness, to watch the glistening, straining bodies of the miners, to sense the omnipresent danger and adventure. This was the life for gay

Miguel, an interesting, adventurous life. The miners, he discerned, were overworked and underpaid; perhaps he could devote his life to their cause, to lessen the danger and increase their wages. Life, he thought, should swing along happily and not be spent or lost in a darkened pit.

But one sunny morning the light-hearted dreams of Miguel were shattered to bits. His two older sisters announced their decision to enter the convent. Young Miguel was enraged. Why should he lose his beloved sisters and with them their pleasant family life? Why? Undoubtedly his sisters had been persuaded to make such a foolish move. Their unscrupulous Jesuit confessors must be to blame. The more he contemplated the significance of his sisters' vocation, the more perturbed he grew. If his sisters would leave home and ruin all their family life, then he would leave too! Thus, on the very day that his devoted sisters entered the convent, stubborn Miguel stalked off with a few belongings to hide in the neighboring woods. But fortunately the patient Senora Josefa understood the irate moods of her son. She knew where to find him, and with maternal wisdom she persuaded him to leave his hiding place. Miguel loved Senora Pro with the hardy love of an eldest son for his mother. He promised her not only to leave his hiding place, but to make a thoughtful retreat before returning home. In the wisdom of the Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius he would see God's Will in all things, even in the temporary loss of his sisters.

Miguel certainly found God's sublime

Will in his retreat, and never would any Divine manifestation more completely overwhelm him. The lad had left home in violent protest of his sisters' vocations; now he returned with a vocation of his own, and strangest of all, it was a vocation to the Jesuits. Nor had he forgotten his toiling miners; now he would look after not only their physical welfare, but their spiritual welfare as well. His was a vocation to the Social Apostolate of Mexico, but he never dreamed how arduous that Apostolate would be.

SINCE the Apostles of a Religious Order commence their Apostolate in the novitiate, Miguel, following his sisters' example, kissed Senor and Senora Pro good-bye and waved farewell to his beloved mines and miners. At the Mexican Jesuit Novitiate, unfortunately, Frater Pro soon developed a life-long sickness though he nevertheless won a reputation for saintly humor. He spent fervent hours on his knees, Miguel the future martyr was in the making. Then revolution ravaged Mexico. Miguel and his fellow novices reluctantly fled to Europe and further training at Granada, Spain.

News that trickled across the Ocean to the Mexican scholastic in Spain was anything but consoling. Persecution raged, the Church suffered, Miguel's family was exiled from their home, and an antagonistic government appeared to flourish. Miguel preserved his effervescent cheerfulness, but beneath the visible exterior his heart bled for his family, his home, and his country. Once again the exiled Jesuit sailed, this time for South America and three years of teach-

ing boys. He was sent back to Barcelona for two years of Theology and finally was assigned to Engheim, Belgium, where on August 31, 1925, he was raised to the Altar of God.

THE NEWLY ORDAINED Father Pro was a priest exiled from his homeland. When he turned from the altar to bestow his first blessing his devoted little family was conspicuous by their absence. His sensitive heart yearned for those he loved, but with his characteristic buoyancy he cheerfully remarked to another new priest, "We are priests at last, and that suffices."

Father Miguel Pro, far from home, proved himself a zealous Apostle to the people; he delivered his first retreats, heard endless confessions, consoled and comforted the ubiquitous poor, and ever prayed for bleeding Mexico and a chance to return to his own people. Tragedy saddened him with news of his dear mother's death. Soon another letter arrived from Mexico, however, this time from his Provincial, granting the long coveted permission to return home.

Meanwhile Pope Pius XI had declared the vicious Mexican persecution comparable to the barbarisms of ancient Rome. Everywhere Catholics were arrested, tortured and murdered. Pilgrims were arrested and shot even at the historic shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The Bishops, after striving in vain for peaceful reconciliation, finally clamped an Interdict upon Mexico. The Churches were left in the hands of the faithful, but priests had to remove the Blessed Sacrament and withdraw. To such a bleeding, broken homeland Father Pro finally returned. He happily greeted his family, and with his usual vivacity immediately plunged into his work. A month remained before the fatal Interdict, and everywhere the faithful clamored for the Sacraments. On July 31, 1926, Father Pro said his last public Mass. The Churches were hushed and Mexico's long Good Friday had begun.

During this passion of the Mexican Church, Father Pro celebrated Mass in secret, distributed Communion and gave

retreats. He organized his famous "Communion Stations" at which the faithful gathered in various places to receive Communion. Obviously the Mexican Government was soon aware of the manifold activities of this zealous priest—and Calles and his henchmen determined to capture and murder him. One morning while he was distributing Communion a servant girl ran in crying, "The Police!" Father Pro told everyone to remove their veils and scatter to various rooms of the home. Attired in a grey suit, he answered the door to receive the police who were in search of "public worship." He escorted them through the various rooms of the house. After finding no priest the puzzled police guarded the door until the bold Father should arrive, and Father Pro returned to finish distributing Communion. When he left the house the police told him they had not yet seen the priest. A narrow escape for Father Miguel!

But Father Pro was not to elude his pursuers forever, and the cruel government determined to remove him from the face of this earth. No occasion was more opportune than the attempted bombing of ex-President Obregon. The strategy was to calumniate the priest, lay the crime at his door, and quickly assassinate him. According to plan, bombs were thrown at Obregon's car on November 13, 1927. All in the car were uninjured, but one alleged assailant, Nahum Ruiz, was shot and captured.

Both of the wounded Ruiz's eyes were removed, and further trickery was attempted, including tricking Ruiz into naming Father Pro and his two brothers as accomplices in the attempted murder. The report of *El Universal* reads as follows:

It was known that the prisoner had a brother called Rudolph Ruiz, and one of the officials took advantage of this circumstance. From the first moment Ruiz remained with his eyes bandaged, because of the wound he had received. And for this reason he could not observe what took place about him. The official, with all se-

crecy, and after having made Ruiz's wife greet him, said to him: "Nahum, I am your brother Rudolph. I want you to tell me anything you feel like telling."

It was then that Ruiz, according to what was told us at police headquarters, answered with a muffled voice: "I want you to tell the Engineer Segura and the Pros to go into hiding, for they are in danger." Guided by this declaration of the dying man, the police officials went off in search of the "guilty men."

Father Pro and his brothers were arrested in their homes, completely ignorant of the crude plot attributed to them. Their only public statements after this sudden arrest were to the heavily censored press; every statement on their part consistently denied any part in the bombing. But according to Police Chief Cruz the "guilty" confessed their crime in the sole presence of himself and his officers. As a result of their "confession," Chief Cruz published the following statement: "The accused being convicted, and having confessed, their direct responsibility in the crime being fully proved, the order was given for their immediate execution."

SUDDEN DEATH by execution was faced by Father Miguel as he had faced life, with a smile on his lips and in his heart. Being the only priest in the group, he was honored by being the first to die. When he left the cell he said to his fellow prisoners, "Good-bye, my brother. Good-bye, my sons." To a jailer who begged forgiveness, he replied, "I not only forgive you, but I am deeply grateful to you."

When the already scarred and bloody spot of execution was reached, he had one last request: "Allow me to pray." He knelt down, took into his hands his vow crucifix, and fervently kissed it. After praying for two minutes, he arose, blessed his executioners, and forgave them. At the command "Ready" he extended his arms in the form of a cross, keeping his crucifix in one hand, and

(Continued on page 34.)

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

FROM an organizational standpoint the traditional indifference and, frequently, the opposition of the white-collar worker to unionism has constituted a basic weakness in organized labor. Throughout the history of the American labor movement men and women in clerical and professional occupation, with few exceptions, not only have resisted efforts to unionize them but also have aligned themselves with anti-union sentiment. Fundamentally, these attitudes of indifference or opposition are traceable to illusions of grandeur. The average white-collar worker is flattered by even the cursory recognition of the boss, whom he hopes one day to meet as an equal in the front office. Despite the objective evidence of the small percentage of managerial personnel (three percent of the entire labor force), white-collar workers continue to hope that sooner or later they will move into an executive job or, at least, into a better white-collar category. And while they wait for their "big break" they prefer the economic insecurity of their rugged individualism to the corporate protection of a labor union.

The Engineers Organize

Against this background of white-collar apathy, the recent activity of two top-notch professional groups is extremely significant. Late in August the National Society of Professional Engineers and the American Institute of Chemical Engineers were preparing reports on the possibilities of wider unionization among their members. Engineers

already have a federated group, the Engineers and Scientists of America, which was founded in 1952 and currently has almost 40,000 members in collective bargaining units throughout the nation. ESA contracts have been negotiated mostly in aircraft and electrical industries, with Lockheed, Boeing, and the Sperry Corporation among the firms involved.

Although the Engineers and Scientists of America has enjoyed a relatively spectacular growth in such a short period it is not the first union effort of professional scientists. The AFL International Federation of Technical Engineers was inaugurated as early as 1918 and, today, claims 6000 members, chiefly among draftsmen in shipyards. In 1934 the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, and Technicians was organized and eventually affiliated with the C.I.O. as a part of the United Office and Professional Workers. When the latter national was expelled from the C.I.O. for alleged Communist sympathies small groups of professional scientists organized independent groups within various plants. Fourteen of these groups formed the nucleus of the independent federation of Engineers and Scientists of America in 1952.

Whether or not unionism will make any substantial gains among the 400,000 engineers and professional scientists in the United States remains to be seen. But the fact that highly trained, salaried employees are showing real interest in collective action reveals an increasing trend among white-collar workers to

face realistically the liabilities of their inherent economic insecurity.

Something New In Pensions

It has been pretty obvious to most Americans that a fundamental weakness of current pensions is that they are paid to their recipients on what is known as a "fixed-dollar annuity basis." In simple language this means that when pension payments are due no provisions are made for changes in the purchasing power of the dollars received. The experience of the last few years has underlined the tragedy of this situation in a period of inflation.

In midsummer, National Airlines, having already provided pensions for its employees according to the traditional pattern, launched a new pension plan which, undoubtedly, will have national implication. Essentially, this revised plan incorporates the cost-of-living principle. Within certain limits National Airlines employees will receive pensions that will be automatically adjusted—both before and after they are received—to the fluctuations of cost-of-living index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. It's all quite complicated in terms of calculation. But the significant fact about this new idea in pensions is that it represents the first attempt at bringing real equity into pension payments. It may not be possible to extend the plan to all American industries. It is inevitable, however, that organized labor will attempt to have the cost-of-living principle accepted on the agenda of future collective bargaining negotiations throughout the nation.

The Garment Workers Go Into Business

The Ladies Garment Workers-AFL has the distinction of being one of the most progressive unions in the American Labor Movement. In its long history the union has often skirted the edge of genuine radicalism. But it was also the first American union to successfully expel Communist leadership through recourse to democratic unionism. Its health, educational, and training programs have pioneered the way for other unions. Its intelligent leadership has invariably been articulate on practically every problem confronting either organized labor or the nation as a whole. Occasionally these declarations have been unacceptable. But, in general, the Ladies Garment Workers have done and said fundamentally sound things. Now, however, the entry of the union into a full-fledged manufacturing venture poses some very real problems.

The occasion for the launching of union's business bid was a prolonged strike by the Garment Workers against a New York manufacturer of children's dresses. After months of unsuccessful collective bargaining negotiations with the G.H. and E. Freyberg Company the union made the dramatic announcement that it would build a \$40,000 dress plant in Appomattox, Virginia, for the sole purpose of entering into competition with Freyberg. At the same time it disclosed a loan of \$20,000 to a private competitor of Freyberg to be used in an expansion of its plant and the subsequent employment of unionists now on strike. It was further hinted that the Garment Workers might open an additional plant in Greensboro, North Carolina, which would also enter into competition with Freyberg.

The first reaction to these maneuvers by the Garments Workers is one of almost startled recognition of the wealth of this union. Actually, of course, the Garment Workers have never concealed the measure of their multi-million dollar resources. A more formidable consideration, here, is the use of these funds to forge an economic blackjack for present and future collective bargaining ef-

fectiveness. Certainly the threat of a union to enter competition with firms among which it bargains collectively constitutes substantial pressure at the bargaining table. It also creates a situation in which such a union, forfeiting its exclusive labor characteristics, becomes a hybrid institution with indefinable status.

Perhaps, the Garment Workers can achieve success where other unions have failed. At any rate, a similar venture by the equally powerful Typographical Union-A.F.L. has proven thoroughly disappointing. Faced with a shrinking demand for their skills, caused principally by the merging of many newspapers throughout the nation, the printers attempted to enter the publishing field themselves. A corporation formed by the union purchased 11 newspapers within the past decade. Five of the six daily newspapers in the project have been abandoned and most of the other publications have also been halted. A deficiency of advertising lineage was given as the official reason for the wholesale retrenchment. However, it is public knowledge that union members were stubbornly reluctant to accept any further assessments to underwrite the mounting costs of maintaining their publication venture.

Pius X and Labor

What has been referred to as the "forgotten Encyclical" was recently recalled to the attention of Americans on the fortieth anniversary of its publication. It is particularly appropriate that *Singulari Quadam*, directed by Pope Pius X to the workingmen associations of Germany, should be memorialized in this year of the canonization of its author, St. Pius X. It is also fitting that the commemoration of the Encyclical should be especially sponsored by the great German-American Catholic Action group, the Central Verein.

The Encyclical was expressly intended to clarify the position of the Church in the matter of so-called "neutral unions." At the time some Catholics questioned the morality of Catholic workingmen joining unions that were not under

Catholic sponsorship. Although the Papal directive referred to German unions, specifically, its pronouncements on this question were later incorporated in the famous social Encyclical of Pius XI, *Quadragesimo Anno*. As such these pronouncements have become the proper guide for Catholic unionists throughout the entire world.

Pius XI, re-affirming the convictions of his predecessor, maintained that in countries where it was impossible to establish strictly Catholic labor organizations, Catholics "seem to have no choice but to enroll themselves in neutral trade unions." However, he repeats the precautions of St. Pius. Each neutral union must have the approbation of the Bishops under whose diocesan jurisdiction it functions and "must leave Catholic members full freedom to follow the dictates of their consciences and to obey the precepts of the Church." Saint Pius also insisted that wherever Catholic workingmen are members of "neutral" unions they should enroll themselves in "associations which aim at giving their members a thorough religious and moral training, so that these may impart to the (mixed or neutral) labor unions to which they belong the upright spirit which should direct their entire conduct."

Today, the directives of a Saint and of his successor in the Chair of Peter have tremendous significance for workers throughout the entire world. But, they are particularly applicable to American Catholic unionists in 1954. Too many Catholic workers still hold union cards in organizations that are under strong suspicion of Communist domination. Recognizing this fact, Catholics have no choice but to withdraw from such unions. At the very least they are obliged to use their democratic privilege to vote Pinks and Reds out of office. On the positive side, Catholic workmen in the United States must avail themselves of the opportunity to learn the application of Catholic social doctrine through attendance at one of the numerous Catholic "labor schools." To fail in either of these respects is to forfeit the honored title of Catholic workman.

Action on the Parish Front

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by Fred A. Muth

"**I**T IS A HOLY and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins"—this is the counsel and admonition given to us by Holy Mother Church. In fact she set aside a special month in her ecclesiastical year during which time the faithful are asked to remember in a special way the souls of all the faithful departed. The month so set aside is November, referred to as All Souls Month.

The Holy Name Society as a Confraternity of the Church obviously should recognize its duties toward its departed members. In keeping with the admonition of the Church, Holy Name Sunday in November is set aside in memory of those Holy Name men who were called to their eternal reward during the past year and in memory of all departed members of the Confraternity.

November Program

While Holy Name men should not limit their prayers for the deceased to the month of November, but rather should offer a prayer for the repose of their souls monthly, yet the following program suggestions should certainly be given full consideration for our November Holy Name Sunday:

1. The Holy Name Mass on the November Holy Name Sunday should be offered for the repose of all deceased members of the Society. The officers are responsible for making the necessary arrangements with the pastor.

2. Special Memorial Month notices should be sent to all members by the Wednesday preceding Holy Name

Sunday, apprising them of the special memorial program.

3. Adequate pulpit announcements about the special program can be made on the preceding Sunday if the president will confer with the pastor in ample time.

4. Publicity in the local and Catholic press will assist in bringing together a greater number of men of our Society to join in prayers for their departed brothers.

5. Immediately after the Communion Mass special prayers should be recited in common for the repose of the souls of departed members.

6. Special Memorial Resolutions should be drawn up and after adoption at the meeting should be presented to the families of the deceased members. This feature should involve our deceased members of the past activities year.

7. Of course, our special Communion Intention for the month should be "The Repose of the Souls of all departed Holy Name men."

Memorial Service at Meeting

Societies desiring a memorial service at the meeting will find the following program suitable and in keeping with the nature of our Society and its objectives.

1. Erect a tableau on the stage of your meeting hall or immediately behind the speakers' table. This tableau can easily be assembled and arranged by a very small committee of Holy Name men. As a background use ferns, palms, flowers or a black drape. Your local florist or funeral director will be happy to cooperate. In front

of this background place a candelabrum containing a lighted candle for each member of the Society who has passed away during the immediate past year. The candelabrum can be secured from the sacristan of your parish church. A number of individual candle-sticks can be used if a candelabrum is not available.

2. As the memorial service begins, darken the hall and ask the secretary to slowly call the roll of the deceased members. The marshal or some one designated for the purpose responds in each case with the word "absent."

3. An altar boy stationed near the tableau is instructed to extinguish a candle every time the word "absent" is sounded.

4. At the conclusion of the roll call station someone in the rear of the meeting hall to sound Taps. At the conclusion of Taps the membership pauses for a moment in silent tribute to departed members.

5. The service is brought to a close by the spiritual director leading the membership in prayers for the repose of the souls of these departed members and for all deceased Holy Name men.

Armistice Day

The national observance of Armistice Day is November 11. On this day the nation as a whole pauses to remember those who made the supreme sacrifice for the defense of their country. In keeping with this observance it is very appropriate for the Society to offer a special prayer at the November meeting for all Americans who

(Continued on page 34.)

"Queen of the Universe"

by V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

MANY MONTHS of this Marian Year of grace have sped into Eternity. Every Catholic, mindful of the Holy Father's call, has in some way joined in the observance of the Marian Year. Everywhere Catholics have gladly fulfilled the usual conditions to gain the precious indulgences granted for this Marian Year. These indulgences were announced in the form of a decree, issued by the Sacred Penitentiary, under the authority of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. The Supreme Pontiff's Encyclical Letter, "Fulgens Corona" (Radiant Crown), was especially written for this blessed year to recall the centenary of the promulgation of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception by the intrepid Pope Pius IX.

Pope Pius XII wrote that the Blessed Virgin herself seemed to confirm by some special sign the definition, which his predecessor, the Ninth Pius had pronounced and solemnly sanctioned. The present Pontiff pointed out that not four years from the pronouncement had elapsed when, in Lourdes at the base of the French Pyrenees, the Virgin Mother, appeared to Bernadette Subirous. When the frail shepherdess asked the Beautiful Lady her name, the reply was, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

The Holy Father further remarked that the faithful have flocked to the grotto of Massabielle, where countless miracles have been granted, "which excited the admiration of all, and confirmed that the Catholic religion is the only one given approval by God." Pope Pius XII stated that this centenary celebration should serve to revive Catholic faith and earnest devotion to Mary as well as imitation of her virtues and holy life. "Without doubt, all these princi-

ples of Christianity, which the Virgin Mother of God incites us to follow with eagerness and with energy, can be entirely and lastingly productive only when actually put into practice" (Fulgens Corona). The Supreme Pontiff exhorted prelates, clergy and laity to observe the Marian Year that this twelve-month celebration might bring forth those most salutary fruits which all Catholics so ardently desire.

Faithful members of the Holy Name Society have striven to observe the Holy Father's wishes. Recalling that this Marian Year, the first proclaimed in the history of the Church, offers countless spiritual gains, the Society reminds all its members that this season of grace ends on the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1954.

Few Holy Name men were fortunate enough to visit the Roman Basilica of St. Mary Major, "the greatest church dedicated to the Mother of God," to quote our gloriously reigning Pontiff, but many other Marian Shrines besides the Church of St. Mary Major and the Rosary Basilica at Lourdes have been the objectives of Holy Name pilgrims. One of the most revered Marian shrines is that of Fátima in Portugal, where Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary appeared to three children, Lucia, Jacinta and Francisco, tending their sheep. Paris also has its sacred chapel, on the Rue du Bac, where the Lady Mary gave her miraculous medal to the novice—Sister Catherine Laboure. Likewise in France is the famous Shrine of Our Lady of La Salette, high in the French Alps where the weeping Madonna appeared to two children, Melanie and Maximin, and bemoaned the coldness of France towards

God. There is Pontmain, too, where Our Lady appeared in 1871.

Italy has many Marian Shrines; Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazano; the famed Rosary Shrine at Pompeii; Our Lady of Perpetual Help in the Chapel of the Redemptorist Generalate, Rome, and the revered, ancient picture of Our Lady in the historic Ara Coeli Church in the Eternal City.

SPAIN has its sacred Marian Shrines at El Pilar at Saragossa, and at Montserrat, where her former Kings, disguised as pilgrims, often went to seek Our Lady's help. The devout have sought out the Shrine of Our Lady of Knock in County Mayo, Ireland; while others have visited the English Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and the Carmelite Monastery at Aylesford, where in 1251, Mary gave St. Simon Stock the beloved brown scapular.

During the winter of 1932-1933, the Lady Mary appeared to five children of the Voisin and Degeimlere families in the convent garden in Beauraing, Belgium. The Blessed Mother called herself the "Immaculate Virgin." Her heart shone with a golden brilliance. In 1933, Our Lady appeared eleven times to an eleven-year-old girl Mariette Beco at Banneux, Belgium, "I am the Virgin of the Sick," Mary said. Then she showed the peasant girl a spring to which the world's sick have flocked these twenty-one years.

The list of Mary's personal apparitions is long. Poland and Germany and Hungary, as well as the Americas and Canada, have their Marian Shrines. Nevertheless, millions were not privileged to kneel at Marian Shrines sanctified by Our Lady's personal presence. Their souls did not experience sensible devotion and exaltation of spirit by being in the identical locale where Mary once had been a visitant. But they could go to their parish church or to the Marian sanctuaries listed by their bishop, there to visit Our Lady's Altar and thus fulfill the requirements for obtaining the indulgences offered during the present Marian Year.

the current scene

frank j. ford

NEW TENSIONS between religions have been created by reports of persecution of Protestants in Italy, Spain and Colombia. These reports misrepresent the true situation, and in order to improve understanding of the religious problems in those Catholic countries, the National Catholic Welfare Conference has distributed "A Catholic Report to American Editors," prepared by Dale Francis, director of the NCWC bureau of information. It says of the people of those countries:

"Catholicism is in the fibre of their existence. You must understand, too, they are a proud people. They know the United States has made far greater material progress, but while they admire and even envy this, they feel their own culture is superior. This culture and Catholicism are not two different aspects of their lives but are intertwined parts of one. The Catholic Church of the village, for instance, is the symbol of their culture, their tradition, and their unity. If you can understand those things, then you can gain some concept of the feelings of these people when non-Catholic missionaries arrive.

"They feel these foreigners have arrived to disrupt their culture and unity. And the foreigners have almost unlimited financial resources. In the eyes of the people, their superior way of life is being challenged by an inferior cultural group by the use of money."

The report further points out that some Protestant missionaries explain their beliefs in an inoffensive way, while others have openly insulted Catholic beliefs—an approach which is certain to arouse antagonism. "In a world where

material progress is apparently most honored," notes the report, "pride in their culture is about all these people have left. These foreigners tell the people they've come to bring them Christianity. The people know their Christianity is centuries older than what the strangers call Christianity. When the strangers preach, they speak against old beliefs that are somehow dear even to those who don't practice them."

The paper points out that the United States has treaties with most countries whereby U.S. citizens in those countries have the right to their religion without being *annoyed, prevented or molested*, and it sums up: "The truth is that there has never been a single instance of a U.S. citizen being annoyed, prevented or molested *in the exercise of his own religion*. Where there have been incidents, *it came when the U.S. citizen interpreted as an exercise of his own religion the right to make others agree with him.*"

Pointless Program

The Iowa State Department of Public Instruction is preparing a handbook to show teachers how to develop moral and spiritual values in their students. The handbook is intended to reach every pupil. An introductory chapter declares that the teacher is not the judge of moral or spiritual values, but a counselor helping students to develop and examine their own values. In this connection, Jessie Parker, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, makes clear that "We are not emphasizing the clerical aspect. We are stressing the underlying principles that all religions have

in common."

Frankly questioning the value of such a program, Msgr. Matthew Smith, editor of the *Register*, observes, "The science of ethics is not religion, but simply the study of moral duty as known by reason. Though it is wonderful in the hands of believing men, morals do not persist in us through philosophy, for the ancient Greeks were philosophers but they were a perverted people. I do not doubt that some good could be done through an appeal only to reason in fomenting morality, but I know as a theologian that the more difficult points of even the natural law cannot be long kept without the direct aid of God's grace. Doctrinal facts and the means of contacting God and getting grace are essentials.

"The public schools," says Msgr. Smith, "must quit playing around with the fringes of religion, and get down to brass tacks. As the Founding Fathers of this nation unquestionably held, religion must be made a definite part of education. The 'clerical aspect' cannot be barred, regardless of how many fanatics, secularists, and lodge officials demand this. It is fully within possibility to set up a system of direct religious instruction, in charge of the various churches and forced on nobody, within the public school system. The instruction ought to be definite, dogmatic, 'clerical.' Otherwise it will be as worthless as ancient Greek ethics."

No Rugged Individuals

Over the years, columnist Sydney J. Harris has been baffled by those who call for more "individualism" in our economic life—as if our economic life were

something apart from the general pattern of society. "True individualism," remarks Harris, "must start with the individual, not with the economic order. And we are not, on the whole, turning out a nation of individuals. The same men who demand individualism in business are timid and lazy conformists in everything else. They lead proper, standardized lives; they read the same insipid magazines; watch the same inane television programs; and repeat the same clichés as all their proper, standardized neighbors. They would be outraged if a true individualist appeared in their midst. He would be blackballed from their clubs, excluded from their social gatherings, and possibly reported to the F.B.I. as a dangerously subversive character.

"No nation in the history of the world," flatly asserts Harris, "has ever been so *group-minded* as ours. We have tens of thousands of groups and clubs and associations, for every conceivable purpose—and for no conceivable purpose, except for the warm feeling of 'belonging' that it gives most people. Individualism is an obscure bubble in this sea of gregariousness. The man who wants to preserve his personal identity is ridiculed as an eccentric or resented as a snob. If he sees life at a different angle from his fellows, this difference is not encouraged and enjoyed, but feared and (finally) fought.

"Without the toleration of broad differences, there can be no such thing as a genuine individualism. The man who is locked tight within his company, within his particular club and summer resort, within his commonplace magazines and mass-produced entertainment, is no more an individualist than an oyster floating down Chesapeake Bay. To be a captive of one's own position and prejudices is a more intense slavery than any tyrannical government could devise."

Another Angle

John D. McBride of Chicago agrees that everyone should encourage the current campaign against the corruption of children through lewd magazines, com-

ics, radio and television. "However," says Mr. McBride, "something more is needed. It is the basic return to the idea of the importance and sanctity of the home, and consequently an about-face by working mothers. Too many of them are working away from home when there is no necessity for it. In doing so, they seem to forget that they are denying their children the most important things in life—the love and companionship of a mother. It is a good and commendable thing for the women of America to start a crusade to clean up the filth to which their children are subjected, but before they do this, I would suggest they start at the beginning—with the home—and after they have won back their position as queen of the home, they will have scored a major victory in the reclamation of their children and in the routing of the forces which would destroy them."

Words To Live By

It is the contention of Father John Cavanaugh, former president of Notre Dame University, that one of man's greatest curses is that he never knows when he is well off. "He is," observes Father Cavanaugh, "forever fretting and moaning and cursing his luck—he says it is always luck or favoritism or 'pull' that determines the success of men! And as a result there are multitudes of persons who would otherwise be highly competent in their own spheres could they adjust their sights to achievements within their reach. The man with one or five talents can be happy and an asset to himself and his community only when he gets the ultimate out of his own head and body. It is sheer idiocy to bemoan one's low estate in social or intellectual qualifications, and to spend one's time fruitlessly developing a canker of jealousy. A man may have nothing but a smile to recommend him; but there are few possessions more valuable than contentment of soul reflected in a happy countenance.

"Why can't we acquire the habit of delight in our surroundings, without mentally transplanting ourselves to other scenery, more agreeable?" he challenges.

"How tiresome are those people who are forever prating about their capabilities or past glories; of better days they have known; of the great personages with whom they have been familiar; of the fortunes they have lost; of the ease to which they have been accustomed.

"It will not do," concludes Father Cavanaugh, "to turn up your nose at your neighbors, to be supercilious toward the place in which your lot is cast. There is a patriotism for a village as for a country. To love it, to breathe a spirit of serenity and contentment in a small town or shabby neighborhood, does not mean to be stupid, slow, and unprogressive. The zest and yeast of initiative may be at work to effect useful, fruitful changes. But it avails little to disparage what we see about us if we do not go to work with stout hearts and minds to effect an improvement. *One man with a hoe is of more value than 10 with a muckrake.*"

Unfit For A King

"No wonder ex-King Farouk lost his job in Egypt," says the *Chicago Daily News*. "His recent retreat in a Roman night club to avoid being photographed with a chimpanzee shows he simply never had the royal touch in the first place. Kings who knew their business put up with jesters for centuries. They posed with them for court painters. A higher ape ridicules some aspects of humanity in much the same way a jester did. Kings took it, in public, to show who was the better man.

"Legend says that Louis XVI, who was no great shakes as a king, had one good parlor trick. He could open a boiled egg with dexterity and gusto. When the populace got too restless, he could breakfast on the balcony and show them that he could still lick an egg. Eventually the French got too hungry to enjoy even Louis' eggs, second hand, and the guillotine treated him pretty much as he had handled eggs. But the breakfast routine may have helped postpone this unhappy event. Farouk would have been in the first tumbrel if he had lived in revolutionary France."

SIDELINES

with Dick Stedler

There's quite an interesting duel these days between the champions of the Canadian style of football compared to the type played by the college teams in the United States. And that duel, of course, is being watched by millions of television viewers across the country.

To date, the telecast of the Canadian games by the National Broadcasting Company has been received favorably by American viewers. That means not only camera coverage but also the action is well liked.

There seems to be just enough difference in the Canadian and American type of game to make things interesting. The basic idea of trying to move the ball across the opponents' goal is still retained. But the Canadian rules governing the way in which a team scores differ somewhat. The action is nevertheless familiar enough.

Here are the major differences in the Canadian rules:

1. Three downs instead of four to make a first down.

2. Twelve men on a team instead of eleven. That 12th man is called a wingback, or flying wing.

3. Linemen can block for only 10 yards ahead of the scrimmage line.

4. Downfield blocking is prohibited.

5. Tacklers are not permitted to get closer than five yards to the punt catcher until after he has caught the ball.

6. Touchdowns count five points.

7. There are no touchbacks. If a punt rolls into the end zone, the ball must be run out into the playing field. Failure to do so counts as a "rough," one point for the kicking team.

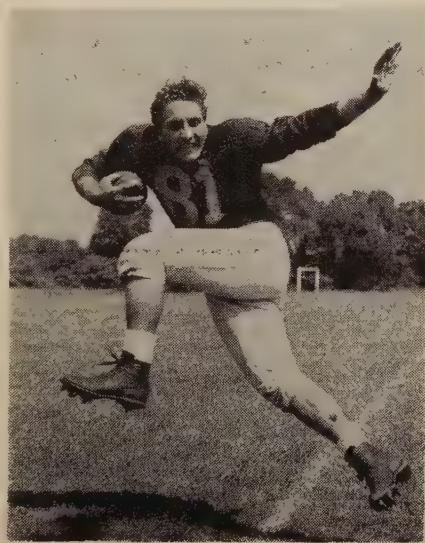
8. The Canadian gridiron is 110

yards in length, 10 yards longer than the American.

9. Canadian end zones are 25 yards deep instead of 10 in the American game.

10. The width of the Canadian field is 65 compared to the American's 53 1/3 yards.

Since each team is permitted ten American imports, the familiarity of many former college and pro stars



LOU KUSSEROW

He romps the Canadian gridirons

adds interest to the foreign sport. Among the more familiar names are Lou Kusserow of Columbia, Jack Jacobs of Oklahoma, Tom Casey of the New York Yankees, Ed Songin of Boston College, Frankie Albert of San Francisco, Mac Speedie of the Cleveland Browns and many others.

Interesting, too, is the fact that the Eastern sector of Canadian football is composed of four clubs, all coached by Americans: Clem Crowe, former Notre Dame coach and player, runs

the Ottawa Rough Riders; Peahead Walker directs the Montreal Alouettes; Frank Clair bosses the Toronto Argonauts; and Carl Voyles masterminds the Hamilton Tiger Cats.

Of them all, Voyles has been the most successful. His teams haven't missed the play-offs in the four years he has been in Canada. Last season they defeated the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, 13-7, to win the Grey Cup before 27,000 fans in Toronto's Varsity Stadium. Coach Voyles hopes to make it two Grey Cup titles in a row. And that would break tradition, since it never has been done before.

Sports Merry-Go-Round

Of the 207 former caddies receiving their education with the aid of the Chic Evans Caddie Scholarship Fund, four are studying for the priesthood and two for the ministry. The fund started in 1930.

Clara Lamore, a member of the 1948 Olympic swimming team and winner of five National AAU senior championships, is preparing to be a nun at the House of the Religious of the Cenacle in Ronkonkoma, L. I., N. Y.

Dave Soden, recently named a Knight of St. Gregory by the Pope, is the godfather of Joan and Barbara Dempsey, the two lovely daughters of the former heavyweight boxing champion, Jack Dempsey. Soden, a member of St. John the Baptist Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., hasn't missed daily Mass and Holy Communion for 35 years. In his spare time, he enjoys taking orphans to baseball games.

Emmett Littleton Ashford is the first Negro to be employed as an umpire in organized baseball. His work

in the Pacific Coast League last season was outstanding. He gave up 15 years of seniority in the Los Angeles post office—a \$4700 per year job in the payroll and finance division when he resigned.

The LaSalle Explorers, NCAA basketball champions, will break the color-line barrier when they play Loyola of the South in New Orleans this winter. Two of LaSalle's top players, Jackie Moore and Charley Moore, are Negroes.

An annual study in football fatalities shows that, of all positions, centers have the least number of injuries. Most injuries are sustained by halfbacks, then by ends, tackles, fullbacks, quarterbacks, guards, and finally, centers.

Frank Thomas, hard-hitting Pittsburgh outfielder and heir to Ralph Kiner's home run crown with the Pirates, never uses profanity when the going gets rough. Who can say how many players have benefitted from his good example? Thomas once studied for the priesthood.

Ray Null is Dutch Clark's successor as director of athletics at Detroit University. Null, you might say, fills the void.

Bob Bauman, trainer for the St. Louis Cardinals and brother of Doc Bowman, the New York Giants baseball trainer, has a son studying to become a Jesuit priest.

Scoring 148 of 150 hits, 14-year-old Nick Egan, a sophomore at St. Mary's High School in Manhasset, L. I., won the Grand American Handicap—the World Series of clay target shooting which featured the top shooters in the world.

Did you know that Red Grange, Illinois immortal Gallopin' Ghost of the Gridiron, never actually had red hair? It's really dark blonde.

A group of Olympic athletes played a big part in ceremonies at the Shrine to Our Lady of Fatima now in the Cathedral of Helsinki. The Bishop of Portugal blessed a statue of Our Lady and sent it to Helsinki with the athletes who represented Portugal in the

last Olympic Games.

Florence Chadwick, the world famous distance swimmer, has a consistently sincere answer to reporters who interview her before a crucial test. It's simply, "God willing, I think we can make it."

Pope On Sports

When a group of U. S. Army instructors in Rome visited the Holy Father this summer, Pius XII told them that sports had a real value in improving men intellectually, morally and physically.

"Sports, properly directed, develops character and makes a man courageous, a generous loser and a gracious victor," said the Pope. "It refines the senses, gives us intellectual penetration, and steels the will to endurance."

The Pontiff also spoke of sports as a cure for laziness, a strengthener of a sense of order, and an inspiration for moral strength and greatness.

"Sports, on the whole, are essential, helping to deter juvenile delinquency through providing healthful recreation and proper environment, causing healthy bodies and healthy minds, resulting in good citizens," explained the Pope.

Referring to St. Paul as an advocate of athletics, Pius XII dispelled the idea that sports were not in line with Christian thinking. "The human body is a masterpiece of God's work," said the Pope, "and should be properly cared for in appreciation."

Two Salutes to Columbia

There is a double cause for celebrating at Columbia University. This is the University's bicentennial year and also the silver anniversary of Lou Little as head football coach of the Lions.

Little was an outstanding tackle at the University of Pennsylvania in 1916 and 1919, became a lieutenant and captain in the infantry in France in World War I, gained his college degree in 1920 and played pro football for four years. In 1924, Lou went to Georgetown as grid coach and rose to athletic director two years later.

In 1928, Little's Hoyas shared the national football limelight with New York University and Carnegie Tech.

Oddly enough, Georgetown defeated NYU, 7-2, and lost to Carnegie Tech, 13-0. Then, to level things off, NYU handed Carnegie its only setback, 27-13. With regard to this trio, only Carnegie Tech has a grid team today, though only on a minor scale.

Since becoming coach at Columbia in 1930, Little has won 53% of his games. That's particularly impressive since the Lions play the top teams.

Little's great feat, of course, was the Lions' mighty 7-0 upset of mightier Stanford in the 1934 Rose Bowl Classic. Thirteen years later, Columbia Lou's eleven scored another historic victory, a 21-20 victory that ended Army's undefeated skein at 32 games.

But Lou Little has been more than a football coach at Columbia. He takes a deep interest in his players' work in the classroom and follows their progress after they leave school. His fellow coaches have honored him as president of their association, as their chairman on the rules committee and as the recipient of the Amos Alonzo Stagg Award for outstanding contributions to American football.

Typewriter Tappings

Villanova's super-market ticket deal could be the salvation of football for the minor as well as major colleges. Now let's hope the Wildcats have a super team too.

One of the Catholic college elevens to keep an eye on is the University of Dayton. That's where Hughie Devore, former New York University, St. Bonaventure University and Notre Dame coach, is now in command. Hughie is well qualified to develop the Flyers into a major power. We wish him luck, and success couldn't happen to a nicer fellow anywhere.

The average top professional football team has an active repertory of some 350 plays which the entire squad must know cold. Or else they're not so hot!

H.N.S. And—The Ladies

by Louis C. Fink

IT'S REALLY too bad that the Holy Name Society has no Ladies' Auxiliary. Because the ladies can do an awful lot for Holy Name men. They can make better members; they can build membership; they can make the whole program more successful.

In effect, of course, there really is a H.N.S. Ladies' Auxiliary. Whether they have formal meetings or not, women are responsible for the success of our organization. In back of every man is a woman—wife, sweetheart, sister, aunt, or mother. In the long run it's the women who make our organization click.

I'm not talking about the chores attendant upon a meeting, either. It's nice to have the ladies buy food for a breakfast, cook it, set the tables, and wash the dishes—it's nice, I say, but it's really better for morale if the men do those things themselves. When the men *work* for the success of their own program, they appreciate it more.

Nevertheless, women often do help with these domestic chores. In our own parish, we have a man who cooks our monthly Holy Name breakfast (he gets up at the crack of dawn and makes the best biscuits and fried eggs you ever tasted!) We have a committee to serve and clean up, too, but there are always some ladies to help. The junior element pitches in and sometimes gets so enthusiastic about stacking dishes, that nobody can hear the speaker. But it's all part of the fun!

However, what I'm talking about is not cooking and dish-washing. I'm talking about other things even more important to the turnout we get on a Sunday morning. We have made a really concentrated effort in our parish to build up our attendance at Mass and Holy Communion on Holy Name Sunday.

We've done fairly well, too, but the biggest excuse we run into is, "Oh, gosh, I forgot that this was Holy Name Sunday. I meant to go, but I forgot!" This is in spite of post cards, announcements, and even telephone calls on Saturday night.

The explanation is that "I forgot" is an *excuse*, not a reason. Any normal man who makes his living in an office or shop has learned to write down his appointments, and he doesn't forget. In the case of Holy Name Society, what he needs is a little urging. The woman in his life—mother, wife, sweetheart, whoever she may be—must encourage him to attend. She begins by reminding him—reminding him to get to Confession; reminding him of the hour for Mass; reminding him to take a friend along when the chance arises.

But she goes farther than mere reminding. Men are all little boys (as any woman knows) and they need encouragement in their good deeds. When they go to Communion with other Holy Name men, he is complimented by The Woman. She tells him how proud she is to sit there and watch him marching down the aisle with the other men. If they have children (or even younger brothers) she explains that the man of the house is a wonderful example to them. We all need a little pat on the back occasionally, and wife, sister, or mother can supply it in full measure.

She must help him to get to church on time. If it's a question of who gets the family car, she will sacrifice herself and walk to church if necessary, so the man can go. If one parent has to stay home with young children until the Holy Name Mass is over, mother will sacrifice her breakfast long enough to get father to church.

This may sound as though the woman

was expected to do all the sacrificing. Well, not really all of it, but every woman knows that hers is a life of sacrifice. If it will make her man a better Catholic, it's woman's nature to put herself last and her man first.

Since they love their men-folks so devotedly, some women have to fight against selfishness. They would rather have their boy-friend on a date than to see him attending a Holy Name committee meeting. The married woman would rather have her husband sit with her than leave her alone while he marches into church with the Society. The real Catholic woman will fight these impulses and encourage her boy-friend or husband to take his place under the banner of the Holy Name of Jesus.

The woman's contribution to the success of a Holy Name meeting doesn't end with the advance preparations and with her cooperation during the meeting. No, she goes one step further and encourages the man to talk about the meeting afterwards. Who was there? What did they have to eat? What did the speaker talk about? This evidence of interest on the part of someone he loves makes the Holy Name man realize all the more that his organization is worth-while.

SO YOU can see that from start to finish, our success depends on the ladies. There may be even more than one, for sometimes it takes the combined efforts of sister and mother to get some young sleepy-headed man out of bed in time for Mass.

That's all the more reason that program chairmen ought to consider one meeting a year dedicated to the ladies. I mean a program in which the men serve the refreshments; when the men entertain; when the ladies do nothing but sit back and enjoy themselves. The ladies have that much coming to them. Without them, we'd be sunk.

Believe it or not, ladies, we Holy Name men can't get along without you. We may not be very good at saying so, but we realize it. We love you and we thank you.

ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT

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have given their lives that freedom might reign in America and that Americans might continue to enjoy their God-given rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

Marian Year Reminder

The Marian Year is rapidly drawing to a close. Undoubtedly many spiritual exercises have been conducted in your parish and diocese in observance of the same. However, we have all been encouraged to organize pilgrimages to churches bearing the name of our Blessed Mother under any of her titles. It seems appropriate that the Holy Name Society, which is dedicated to honoring, loving and respecting the name and person of her Divine Son should in a special manner pay her homage in this her year. If your Society has not as yet organized a Marian Year pilgrimage, why not get to work immediately so that your membership can participate in such a spiritual activity during the month of November? It's simple to make the necessary arrangements:

1. Appoint a committee of a few men to take charge.
2. Discuss the activity with your spiritual director and secure his approval.
3. Choose a date for the pilgrimage and select a church near your parish dedicated to the Blessed Mother.
4. Invite the men of your Society to join the pilgrimage and urge them to bring their families with them.
5. If the distance is not too great, march in procession from your parish church to the pilgrimage church. The Rosary can be recited while you march in procession.
6. If the distance is too great for this, arrange a cavalcade of cars or charter a bus for the group of pilgrims.
7. Ask your spiritual director to accompany the group and to conduct the services at the church to be visited.

Ask him to conduct a Holy Hour at the pilgrimage church.

8. Remember that one of the activities of our Confraternity is to promote and conduct public professions of faith.

Closed Retreats

May we offer another activity for the consideration of Holy Name Societies. This activity is certainly within the scope of our objectives. We are primarily interested in the spiritual sanctification of our own souls and the souls of our fellowmen. There is an activity which is concerned wholly with this objective—it is the closed retreat. Every Holy Name Society should make an effort to conduct for its membership such a closed retreat during the activities year. The time to start such a promotion is now.

1. Secure the approval of your spiritual director for the conducting of a closed retreat.
2. Choose a suitable week-end and reserve the date at a convenient retreat house.
3. Announce the date and place of the retreat to your membership.
4. Begin a signing up campaign for reservations for the retreat. This should not only be done at Holy Name meetings, but an effort to invite every man of the parish by means of

personal visits, pulpit announcements, advertising material and church vestibule posters should be put forth.

5. Send a communication to every member of your Society informing him of the date and place of the retreat. Give him information relative to the cost, transportation and general arrangements. Include a registration card for making an official reservation for the retreat.

Appointments of Committees

It is important early in the activities year for officers to realize that one of the most effective means of carrying on a successful Society is through the appointment of committees. The more men who are actively engaged in the work of the Society the more enthusiasm and interest will be created in the parish. It is not possible to lay down an iron clad rule as to how many committees should be appointed. It suffices to say there should be as many committees as are needed to carry on the work and activities of the Society successfully. If there is a task to perform, appoint a committee to do the job. The officers cannot do it all alone. In fact it is not good practice to do so. If our motto is to conduct a wide awake and energetic Society doing all it can for the promotion of the Confraternity and all its many avenues of activities then we cannot help but be successful. Let's keep our sights set high and if possible reach even our loftiest goal.

GOD'S SMILING MARTYR

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his Rosary in the other. He then deliberately pronounced the words, *Viva Cristo Rey!*

After a fraction of a second the command "Aim" was lost in a ringing retort of the single volley. Five bullets lodged in the breast of the priest. He collapsed and fell gently to the ground with his arms extended in the act of blessing. His brother and two other Catholics followed him to martyrdom.

Today in the crimson ranks of the stalwart martyrs of Christ there stands a smiling Mexican Jesuit who died with the thunderous words upon his lips that had always resounded in his heart: *Viva Cristo Rey!* "Christ the King" again reigns in Mexico, as He always reigns where there are martyrs like the martyrs of Mexico, since the blood of martyrs is ever the fertile seed of Christians.

Happy Oldsters Sidestep Their Pitfalls

(Continued from page 4.)

We must neither be nor act sorry for ourselves. We must not be sorry to have become a back number but be glad deep down in our heart if here and there as a back number we can be of some help. We should be genuinely happy if we can be of use as a babysitter while those in their best years are at the ball! When we accept such a back-number role, it is important not to do it in a manner inviting or expecting sympathy. Acting as if we are sorry for ourselves, even though we volunteer to "baby-sit," inevitably distresses our relatives more than our service does them good. Anyone who is genuinely happy to be of service will not be sorry for himself—nor act so.

A GRANDFATHER or grandmother ought to assume that people in the best years of life, even their children or grandchildren, do not want old folks actively present at their parties. When a young generation has a party, the old folks should come around long enough to show how happy they are to see young people gathered to have a good time—then they should quietly disappear. They should subside either to where they can be of real help, as in the kitchen or the cellar, or to where they can follow their own inclinations unseen, as in their own rooms. Saying before leaving, "Well, I guess you young folks don't want old granny around," spoils the exit. Apologetic remarks of this kind tend to force the younger generation either to agree without tact or to protest without sincerity. It is better simply to fade out like "the old soldier" without saying a word, especially if it be possible to return briefly to say "Good-night" before the party breaks up. If such a return is not feasible, then it were best simply to say, "Well, I am going to my room to watch television—or read the papers—and then go to bed. So I'll say good night now." No apologies, no I-am-not-wanted tones, just a simple

honest statement of departure.

But when we get old we probably will not always want to go up to our rooms early or stay home alone to read or to watch television. The only proper solution to that is finding companions of our own age and situation. The world is full of lone grandfathers and grandmothers, and getting fuller. Since 1890, according to *Time Magazine*,

"the number of Americans who are over 65 has risen from 2,400,000 to 13 million. In the next six years, the over-65 group is expected to reach 16 million" (October 19, 1953).

In fact, as *Newsweek* reports (September 24, 1951):

"While the population has doubled in the last half century, the number of people over 65 years of age has increased almost fourfold."

Surely with so many oldsters around elderly people should have little trouble finding a few congenial ones with whom to spend their spare time and evenings. Naturally, some conscious effort is necessary. It is one of the sad accompaniments of growing older that we find it harder and harder to make new friends. Children make friends everywhere without trying, but oldsters must try consciously to do so. From among many potential fellow oldsters they must be prepared to find only a very few who will prove congenial. But after all, we only need a few companions to pass the time pleasantly—in fact we have time for only a few. People of courting age and their families resort to all kinds of social devices to make young people of suitable ages acquainted with each other. Why shouldn't the like be done for the many millions of people over sixty-five?

Next to finding companions their own age, oldsters who find time heavy on their hands do best to seek the companionship of children—of their grandchildren and the children of their nieces and nephews and neighbors. Oldsters might find baby-sitting not a burden but a pleasure, while at the time time prov-

ing of welcome service to parents. They might also make themselves unofficial "baby-sitters"—companions—for any youngsters from four to fourteen. Children generally tend to like old people. How happy many a boy would be if he had a grandfather who would go with him on his fishing trips or who would show an interest when he is making a model plane or a kite. A kindly wise "gramp" or "granny" can be a delight and a boon to many a child—and so also find a happy pastime. The one indispensable wisdom needed is that while an elder suggests the proper way of doing things to the youngsters, he lets them do it themselves, mistakes and all. A grandfather who not only explains how a hook should be baited but goes ahead and baits it himself and then casts it too will not be welcome long!

In general for elders to be less a burden to themselves and not a bore to their relatives and friends they should live as much as possible in the present and look to the future, not grope about in the past. This does not mean that they should act, dress and talk younger than their age. Doing these things makes them look ludicrous. It means that they should continue a general interest in contemporary affairs, in the daily news, and in the cultural events of the time. They should read the daily papers. They should read some of the better books of new authors rather than confine themselves to re-reading the classics of their youth. Medical research finds that "the ability to keep an active interest in what's going on" (*Newsweek*, October 2, 1950) is an important factor in slowing up the aging process.

AN ACTIVE INTEREST in what is going on is certainly the most important factor in making oldsters socially an asset rather than a liability. If when old we take an active interest in the events around us and in the world at large, we will avoid the fatal anecdote as noted above and lampooned by the poets. We will then not be likely to retell on every occasion the events of the past, including our own youthful exploits. This con-

temporary interest will also weaken the urge of old people, so irritating to the younger generation, of reciting and overstating the glories of the "good old days." As people withdraw from an interest in the present, they seem to see the past through ever more rosy spectacles, and find the present ever more deficient. It is as if the bifocals on their eyes revealed all the shortcomings of today, and brought into relief only the virtues of yesterday.

But worse than tactless and inopportune criticism is unjustified criticism. What seems to me the crowning social pitfall of old age is the tendency to impute moral delinquency to what are merely changed styles and customs. People who in their youth were accustomed to the waltz tend too readily to regard the jitterbug with jaundiced eye as immoral. Many types of dress seem to an older generation immoral. But it is unwise for us when we grow old to criticize new manners and customs as immoral unless we have really studied and considered the matter. Many things, while they may be inartistic by past standards, are not therefore also immoral. Young people rightly resent a confusion of those issues. The jitterbug quite understandably looks inartistic to the waltzer of former days, but a young person who might admit the inartistry is resentful to have indecency imputed to it.

This is the gravest social error elder people tend to make. They are inclined to speak of a number of things as improper or sinful which are not necessarily so: late parties; young formal dates; ladies smoking or taking a drink; modern bathing suits; wives working; modern music and dancing; sports clothes, and so on. Each generation will vary its customs and manners somewhat from the previous. Sometimes there may indeed be a move towards the sinful and immoral. When this occurs it should be the theologians and sociologists who should give the proper signal before grandfathers and grandmothers rush in to denounce it as indecent or immoral.

For elders indiscriminately to denounce any modern customs and pas-

sages as improper carries with it the danger of looking to youngsters somewhat akin to "sour grapes." When we are too old to learn a new dance ourselves, we must take double care not to give the impression that we unconsciously resent it on that account! When we are past the days of love ourselves, we are ever in danger of seeing the love of others with sour and suspicious eyes!

In guarding against all these social pitfalls of old age, our best security is a timely shift of perspective from the worldly to the spiritual, a deep sincere wish to have done with the old Adam

and to take on the new. If elders ardently desire to subordinate their comforts and advantages to those of their family and relatives, if they honestly want more to make things easy for others than to have others make it easy for them, they virtually will because of the very nobility of their heart avoid the usual social pitfalls of age. They will then hardly get in others' way. They will then prove an inspiration in their old age and very probably even a help to those about them. Then they are likely to enjoy a respected and beloved old age—and deserve it.

The Church Without Parishioners

(Continued from page 5.)

God, right in the heart of this hustling and tumultuous airport? The consent of Archbishop Malloy was quickly given, and with it his promise of prayers for the success of the venture. More than that, he materially pushed off the building fund drive with a strong financial impetus.

A booster club was formed, dances were held yearly; and personal soliciting of funds for ads in the dance journal and for donations was carried on by members of the Guild. Pastors of churches in the Brooklyn Diocese were asked for donations. A few of these pastors were so impressed by the sincerity and zeal of the airport's amateur fund raisers that they told their story from the altar to the people of their parishes. They permitted members of the Catholic Guild to take collections at their churches after each Mass.

In a little over a year \$50,000 was collected by this group of ordinary Catholic laymen.

Space was rented at the airport, plans were drawn and redrawn, innumerable technical difficulties were overcome and finally construction was started.

AT N. Y. International Airport there is being constructed today a church. It will be a symbol to the world that the United States is not merely a country of crass materialists, nor a greedy country

attempting to dominate and control all peoples, as the Red propagandists would have everyone believe. It will show that Catholic men and women of our country are willing to give freely of their time and energy to construct a monument to Almighty God, where they and others may worship. It will be a concrete remembrance for the future, of the Marian Year, the year in which it was built. It will show that many of our people are generous in their contributions to worthy endeavors, for this will be a church built with the donations of Catholics from all over. In the midst of all the rushing confusion and turmoil at the Airport, it will stand out as a haven of peace and worship for Catholics and any other travelers who wish to make use of it.

The dream is becoming a reality, but the work of the Catholic Guild of New York International Airport is far from over. Its members still must raise \$150,000 to complete their objective. To accomplish this they know they will need a great amount of help. They are building a "church without parishioners." Their enthusiasm is contagious, however, and if they are able to tell their story to enough Catholics, there is no question but that this monument to Almighty God, the Chapel of Our Lady of the Skies, erected at the very gateway to our United States, will soon be free of debt.